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Agricultural.

AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE IN SELLING WOOL.

BRIGHTON, June 6th, 1888.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In your issue of the 2d inst. I have perused the letter of Hallowell & Coburn to Mr. Potter, and have been interested in your timely remarks on the same. It reminds me of my own experience, which I will give for the benefit of wool buyers: A number of years ago I was a member of the Brighton Farmers' Club. A little before shearing time the subject of the preparation of wool for market came before the club. Myself, with some others, advocated washing clean, leaving out the fleece tags and clippings, and attaching our names to each fleece as a guarantee of its quality. My argument was, as our club represented from twenty to thirty thousand pounds, that we might build up a reputation for our wool that would induce manufacturers to buy direct from us and make it mutually beneficial for both. A large majority of the club thought it would not pay. My experience proved they were right. To satisfy myself I put my wool up in fine clean order, leaving out the tags and clippings, and attaching my name to each fleece. I think only one other member did the same.

When the buyer came around, he examined my wool, pronounced it very nice, but could give me only the price paid for the best wool put up in the ordinary way, which I was obliged to accept. Before shearing the next year I received a letter from my former purchaser, enclosing a letter from the manufacturer, saying my clip of wool was the best from a lot of ten thousand pounds, and wishing him to secure the next clip. That was certainly encouraging and gratifying. I put it up the same again. When the buyer came around he was pleased with the wool, but would not offer more than three cents over the price for ordinary wool. When I weighed what I will call my waste wool and reckoned the shrinkage in price, I found myself minus quite a little sum, and as I raised wool for profit and not for a reputation at a loss, I naturally turned back to the old method.

I will make no comments; I think you and others can easily draw your own conclusions as to who are responsible for the present condition in which our wool goes to market.

If you will allow me, I will depart from the diplomatic rule that only one subject shall be mentioned in one communication, to say that the same experience has occurred in the selling of cotton. I remember reading an intelligent letter from a cotton planter who tried the experiment of putting up his cotton very clean and free from foreign substances; but found that cotton buyers preferred southern dirt to a large extent, thus getting the cotton apparently a little cheaper. As I have retired from farming, I am not personally interested in the sale of wool, but feel desirous of seeing a mutual arrangement agreed upon, under which neither the producer nor the buyer will have occasion to complain.

J. M. HOLDEN.

RED POLLED CATTLE.

SARASOTA, June 4, 1888.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

We have sold four registered Red Polled bulls to Gen. Ross, of Iowa City, Iowa, one five years old, Rudolph No. 194; he was in ordinary flesh and weighed 1,810 lbs. One two years old, Zeno No. 258, and two calves, one nine and the other six months old.

There is a greater demand for polled cattle than ever before, for people find it is much better to breed off the horns than to practice dehorning animals in so cruel a manner.

Mr. Ross is one of the largest breeders in the west. He has just made another importation, they are now in quarantine.

J. F. & E. W. ENGLISH.

For the Michigan Farmer.

WASHING SHEEP.

According to the best of my recollection I have never yet written an article upon this subject, though it has been constantly agitated in the agricultural press since my earliest recollection. And now that I take up the pen I have no reason to believe my suggestions will have any more practical effect than those of the many who have written before. The question has resolved itself into an "irrepressible conflict," and I can see no solution to the problem, except through the scouring process. Just so long as wool is sold in its unscoured state, whether brook washed or not, there will be a debatable ground between buyers and sellers, and in those debates the farmer is the man who generally gets left. For myself I am one of the large majority of wool growers who still adhere to the practice of brook washing—not from choice but through necessity. For at least forty years I have carefully observed the operation of the two systems, and in all that period I will confidently assert that I have known of no instance of a farmer's shearing and selling without washing, who has not lost 25 cents a fleece by so doing. From the most careful tests I have been able to make, and by comparison with flocks of similar quality, I have found that about one-fifth is what brook washing will take from the weight of the average Michigan fleece. Knowing this to be the fact I long ago determined that for one I would never submit to the buyer's rule of one-third shrinkage, and it has surprised me to see so many farmers of reputed intelligence, who at least know enough to add, subtract and divide, would allow themselves to be fleeced in this way. In making this remark I desire to make exception of one class of wool growers—I mean professional breeders of registered sheep. These men invariably shear without washing, and the reason they do so is obvious. First, it would spoil their story of extra heavy fleeces, upon which their reputation is based; and secondly, their sheep have been made tender by a system of pampering, from generation to generation, until washing in cold water would greatly endanger their health if not their lives. These men of pampered flocks know very well that they are losing money on their wool by selling it unwashed. Even though they get a little more money for each fleece than their plebeian neighbors, the difference is in no way commensurate to the supposed superiority of their sheep, and the superior care and keeping bestowed upon them. But what they lose or fail to make on their wool they expect to make with interest through the sale of breeding stock. I do not deprecate the practice for them; it is all right in their business. Nor would I by any means speak disparagingly of the breeders of registered sheep, as a class; Michigan owes much to this class of men—probably more than she is paying them. But the point I would distinctly make is that it would not be best for the average farmer to imitate their practices. The "average farmer" is just a little slovenly, not so much through sheer "ignorance and cruelty," as the English farmer John Scriven says in his article in the last MICHIGAN FARMER. On the contrary, this same "average farmer," though as I say, a little slovenly, is still possessed of intelligence enough to know that it costs three breeders of pampered sheep at least three dollars for every two they get back in wool and mutton. Consequently this "average farmer" is not fool enough to imitate all their practices. He knows very well that he is never going to sell a buck for \$500, or a ewe for \$200 for the Australian market. His sheep are bred and handled simply for what he can get out of them in wool and mutton. The great excellence of the sheep on the farm is that he, like the hog, is a scavenger, gaining his living largely in waste places, and aiding to keep down weeds and bushes, clearing summer fallows, fence corners and the like. Were our average farmer to adopt the Vermont plan of housing and blanketing, this scavenger quality would be lost, and the wool would never pay its cost. Now this same average farmer, though constituting forty-nine sixtieths of the sheep raisers of Michigan, is seldom seen in print. The breeders of registered sheep are the principal writers in the papers, and it is entirely natural that they should write from their own standpoint, but when it comes to the matter of clothing the million we must fall back to the average farmer.

It has now been shown that our Michigan wool growers consist of two distinct classes; and that the rules which govern the one class cannot be made strictly applicable to the other. Also that there are obvious reasons why the breeders of registered sheep should not wash their sheep, while there are equally obvious reasons why the average farmer should wash his. Still I am and for years have been prepared to admit that the brook washing of sheep is all wrong, provided we could find any practical way of avoiding it; but up to the present time it is the only way I have ever found to prevent the manufacturer or his agent from beating me out of at least 25 cents a fleece on all my wools, and I have written this article for the sole purpose of making this practical suggestion: Let the wool growers in the principal wool districts of the State combine, and erect scouring establishments, and sell their product only as scoured wool. This would bring producer and manufacturer together, and do away with middlemen; it would annihilate all those arguments about shrinkage; it would free the farmer from the imputation of stuffing his fleece with tags and filth, and loading it down with heavy twine, of which the manufacturers have so long complained, not entirely without cause. The wool would then be sold upon its merits, and flocks and flockmasters be freed from the perils of the brook washing process. The oil in the wool might all be saved and utilized, and many thousands of dollars of extra freight money saved, which are now annually paid for freighting the cream of our farms to eastern cities and impoverishing our soils at home. Certainly the expense of a scouring house need not be very great, and when experts are wanted to divide the fleece, preparatory to the scouring process, there should be no fear but that can be found. The great increase of manufacturing establishments throughout the land is daily bringing the grower and the manufacturer nearer together, and their antagonism of interests is thus steadily wearing away.

The readers of the FARMER may take this suggestion for whatever they think it is worth.

OLD GENESSEE.

SILOS AND ENSILAGE.

At the May meeting of the Columbia Farmers' Club, Mr. J. S. Flint, of Somerset, read a paper entitled "Silos and Ensilage," which we give in full. Mr. Flint said:

I wish to preface the subject proper with a brief explanation. Since the April meeting of this club, at the request of the committee on programmes, I have been collecting all accessible facts and information bearing upon the subject "Ensilage and Silos."

It is a subject upon which not to exceed a dozen men in all Michigan can speak or write from practical experience, and in my search for particulars concerning this system of preparing stock food, I have yet to find a straw which points in a direction leading farmers from entering at once, without hesitation, into the practice. It is, without doubt, a safe, practical, and profitable scheme—one of the coming jewels in the catalogue of good things en route for the depressed farmer's relief.

Discussion and investigation will hasten its appearance in our midst, and it therefore follows that some one, not too cautious to step over the line of modesty, should do so, and do a little talking, if not from his practical experience, from partly borrowed information, as a "send off."

I wish to thank the committee on programmes for the opportunity to prepare this article. It has caused me to make considerable search through stock journals, agricultural reports and histories, for material from which to draw reliable conclusions. I feel therefore benefitted.

My first thought upon the subject was "What is Ensilage?" It is green fodder stored in mass, either in large deep trenches, (if these can be depended on to keep dry) or within stout walls made of wood, stone or brick, the mass being at least several feet in width and depth, and subjected to very heavy pressure from the top. The fodder gradually settles down into a succulent, half solid mass, with a mild "sour kraut" flavor or smell. Careful thought leads me to pronounce feeding ensilage, winter soiling. Where stock is confined to the yard or stable during the summer months, and fed green fodder in its succulent state direct from the field, it is called summer soiling. I therefore term feeding ensilage in winter (which is green fodder preserved in its most succulent state) winter soiling.

France, Germany, and some other portions of Europe, have practiced summer soiling for more than a century. But although they were able to supply their cattle and other stock with green food during the warm season, they were obliged to cure grass and other green food to be given during the winter season. This dry food seriously checked the growth of their animals and also added to the expense of keeping them. Therefore it is not at all surprising that great effort was made to overcome this obstacle to steady growth. As with us at the present time, they could raise any amount of green food, and if any plan could be devised for keeping it in its succulent condition, soiling should be carried on in winter, or throughout the whole year. These demands led to the origin of the silo. Some parties who wished to preserve the refuse of the silo of the best sugar works for future seedling, hit upon the plan of pitting it into silos in this way for many months. It became evident that the only condition necessary was to exclude the air to prevent fermentation. This principle had long before been established in the preservation of perishable fruits in hermetically sealed cans. The only thing to be devised was an economical plan for excluding the air. The pit answered for the best pulp, and next green corn was pitted, and found to come out with only a moderate degree of fermentation. These pits were dug in the ground, five feet wide at the bottom, seven feet wide at the top, and five feet deep, and as long as was required for the storage of the crop. The corn was carried up above the surface of the ground three or four feet, and straw placed over the top, the earth thrown out of the trench was packed upon the corn, and as it settled

more earth was thrown on to prevent cracking so as to admit air. These rough pits were found to preserve the green fodder with most of its original succulence, and although more fermentation had occurred than was desirable, yet cattle ate it greedily compared with the way they ate hay. This mode was continued several years in Germany, and adopted by many in France. It soon became evident that the more solidly it was packed into the pit the better it was preserved.

The next step in improvement consisted in running the fodder through a straw cutter, and cutting it into short lengths of half an inch or less. In this state it is packed much more solidly, and was thus rendered much less penetrable by the same space. When put up in this way and care taken to preserve a solid crust of earth over it, the fodder came out in much better condition, frequently only undergoing a secondary fermentation. Even this rough way was considered a great improvement over drying the fodder. But a most important improvement upon this method was made by Mons. A. Giffart, of France. He desired something more certain in its operations than the covering of earth. Accordingly he built two parallel walls, air tight, and as far apart as was convenient—from ten to fifteen feet—and eight to twelve feet high. The ensilage was packed between these walls and trodden in closely to the top. Wishing to get rid of the earth, which was liable to get mixed with the feed, he hit upon a cover of planks, placed across the silo, fitting to the wall, and moving down as the body of green ensilage settled. The plank covering was weighted with 500 pounds of stone to the square yard. His movable weight cover, which gave continuous pressure upon the green ensilage, and thus excluded the air, was the last improvement that he regarded as insuring the uniform success of this mode of preserving green fodder. Thus it will be seen that this system of preserving stock food is not of recent discovery. The Austro-Hungarians practiced it more than 50 years before the French turned their attention to it. According to some of the early Roman agricultural writers, grain and fodder were pitted by the Italian farmers at an early period of their history. English experimentalists have also proved that green fodder can be preserved or ensilaged, in stacks, with a loss of only about five per cent., or two per cent. more than the usual loss in silos. When put up in stacks a powerful press is used to render the mass of sufficient solidity to exclude the air. (See London Live Stock Journal, Jan. 1, 1886, p. 5.)

If I am not mistaken the few American experiments have as yet failed to prove the advisability of stacking green fodder for ensilage in this climate. The form of silo most in use, and which seems to give the best satisfaction, is built of wood, tar paper and paint, outside of the barn, upon a good substantial stone foundation, the bottom of the silo on a level with the feeding floor, and well covered with concrete. This plan of building a silo is an improvement over the plan above mentioned, and the ensilage made by it will be correspondingly improved. Our great American crop, corn, is undoubtedly the best and most profitable, all things considered, for ensilage, yet many other crops may be ensilaged. Corn, when ensilaged alone, is not a complete ration, and should be fed in connection with grain or some other more nutritious fodder. It is deficient in albuminoids to nourish the muscular system, and deficient in phosphates to build the bones; yet it is a very valuable ingredient in the ration of all domestic animals because of the large weight grown upon an acre, and because it is a great flesh producer and highly relished by all farm stock. Corn mixed in the silo with Hungarian grass or millet would make very nearly a complete ration. Second growth clover might be added to advantage, and all three ensilaged in September. The seed of the Hungarian grass and certain elements of the clover make up for the elements in which the corn is deficient. Peas and oats make a complete ration. (See Stewart, p. 224.)

When we are expert enough in the management of silos to provide rations for our stock the year round, then grain feeding and millers' tolls will be comparatively abolished. To go a little further into the line of imagination I think that there are those present here to-day who will live to see the sheep feeders and silos inseparable friends. It is undoubtedly destined to become a boon to the sheep men. Sheep are extremely fond of green food, and one of the great difficulties encountered by our sheep feeders during the long cold winter is the want of a supply of green food. The silo will supply this deficiency in winter sheep feeding. Every description of green crops may be preserved in the silo for winter use; as sheep are particularly fond of variety in their food, and will travel over a large field most industriously selecting the greatest variety within their reach. The silo enables the feeder to gratify this appetite of the sheep, and at the same time add to their thrift, by sowing a variety of grasses upon the meadow that they may all go into the silo together. The great advantage of turnips for sheep in winter is, they counteract the effect of the dry food given. It is yet remains to be shown that the raising of large amounts of roots for winter feeding is profitable in this climate. The amount of labor required to handle, store and keep through our severe winters secure from

frost, in order to place them in proper condition for feeding, is too great. Allowing the succulent elements of turnips to be essential, or in other words, a necessity, the silo wholly obviates the necessity of root culture, since we have in ensilage these very much needed elements. The greatest cry ever raised against ensilage, which a few Americans joined in, arose from statements made by prominent English agriculturists, who were jealous lest it might interfere with the culture of their favorite crop, roots. It is no doubt true that root feeding is advantageous in mild climates, where sheep can be turned into a turnip field to live first upon the leaves and then the turnips as long as they can be found to nibble.

An ensilage congress was held in New York in January, 1883, attended by a body of very intelligent men. Reports were made from something like 100 different experiments, which were almost wholly favorable. The Commissioner of Agriculture also took the testimony of about 100 persons who had built and filled silos and fed the ensilage to the close of 1882. This was published in a pamphlet of 71 pages. The whole was very favorable to the economy of the practice. The Commissioner says, "There is scarcely a doubt expressed on this point, certainly not a dissenting opinion." The cost of ensilage is variously estimated at from 80c. to \$3 per ton. Numerous accounts show that a cubic foot of ensilage weighs about 45 pounds; that a fair crop of drilled corn will yield about 18 tons per acre. It would therefore require a silo with a capacity of about 800 cubic feet to hold an acre's product. To sum up and bring this article to a close, I would say:

1st. This system continues the soiling method of feeding throughout the year. A continuous succession of green food may be given our stock during their whole lives. This will offer facilities for producing a much more uniform growth in all our stock. It will simplify our feeding operations, and when fully put in practice will supersede all further efforts to render hay and other coarse fodder more digestible by cooking.

2nd. The system will enable the farmers to carry more stock with less grain, which will save much labor in cultivation of grain crops intended as food for stock. The good book says "all flesh is grass," and feeders often find that stock take on flesh more rapidly on grass than on grain feeding. Hence the necessity of feeding green pasture grass, or as near its equivalent as possible.

3rd. Making ensilage instead of curing fodder, lessens the amount of labor. The labor of cutting crops green and storing in the silo will be less than that now required in cutting, curing and storing in the barn.

And whereas a very large percentage of hay is badly damaged by storms and over-ripening, green fodder may always be cut and stored in the silo during the worst season.

4th. The silos in which to store the green food will cost less than barns to store hay, as it is compressed so solidly as to occupy much less space. Twelve tons of ensilage will occupy the space of one ton of hay; from two and a half to three tons of ensilage is estimated to be equal to one ton of hay; best hay in feeding value. Eighteen tons of ensilage, the product of an acre, means six tons of good hay, which if I may be allowed to call worth \$10 a ton, equals \$60. The cost of the eighteen tons of ensilage will not exceed \$30. If two tons of hay may be called the proper yield from an acre, it is worth at \$10 per ton, \$20. Thus it will be seen that the ensilage is worth more in excess of its cost than the hay is worth dropping its cost.

5th. This system of feeding will be highly applicable in the colder States, as the season of winter feeding is there much longer and more trying to the constitution of the animals. In the colder northern States cattle make excellent progress on good pasture, but much of this is lost during the long cold winter, when they are confined to hay and other dry food.

Grain raising without stock means a constantly deteriorating soil, and an inevitable impoverishment of our resources. The system of ensilage feeding may be made the means of carrying a much larger proportion of stock in grain raising States, as every acre of land treated under this system will represent three acres under the old system. The 100 acre farmer, under this system, if the statements of men and writers whom I have consulted are reliable, and judging from their standing we have no reason to dispute, has as great a carrying capacity for stock as the 300 acre farmer under the old system. One thing cannot be "rubbed out": In improvements and improved methods lie the farmer's only hope for future prosperity. In the avenues of every line of business other than farming, intelligence and improvements of the highest order lead the van of progress. I trust I have not drawn a fancy picture which will never assume a more tangible form than this ill-arranged article. I acknowledge that the more thought I give the subject the greater is my desire that the universal adoption of the silo will hasten, as I believe it will.

Mr. H. V. PUGSLEY, the well-known breeder of Merino sheep at Pittsburg, Mo., had a flock of 117 attacked by dogs recently, and 65 of the lot either killed or crippled. Forty-eight grown sheep were killed outright, besides a number of lambs, all registered stock. There is no law for the protection of sheep against dogs in that State, a matter which should be remedied.

PUBLIC SALES OF LIVE STOCK.

The Sale at Wheatfield of Shorthorns and Herefords by Mr. D. Henning.

On Tuesday of this week Mr. David Henning, of Wheatfield, Calhoun County, offered all his Shorthorn herd and a draft of Herefords at public sale. For some reason the attendance was rather small, probably because it is a busy season, and farmers are, as a rule, not in a position to care for extra live stock at present, owing to the loss of their seedling for the past two years. Prices, therefore, were low, but everything offered was taken, and considering the season and the times, the sale was really better than many expected. The animals were widely scattered, and as there are some remarkably fine individuals in the lot, will do service in their new homes. We were pleased to see a number go to the western part of the State, a section where good stock is needed. Col. Mann did the selling, with a little assistance from Mr. John Foster, of Flint, while the Herefords were being offered. The following is a summary of the sale:

SHORTHORNS.

Hattie, four years old, running to imp. Princess by Wynyard (703), C. Lyster, Wheatfield, \$100.
Hattie 2d, two years old, calf of above, to John Decker, Lacota, \$80.
Red Rose, six years old, tracing to imp. White Rose by Publicola (1348), \$110.
Red Rose 3d, yearling calf of above, to R. B. Cowles, Battle Creek, \$85.
Bracelet Beauty 4th, five years old, tracing to imp. Bracelet by Duke of Athol (10150), to A. Frin, Bellevue, \$130.
Mason Duchess 15th, three years old, tracing to imp. Lady Caroline by Newtownian 745, to John Decker, Lacota, \$95.
Cambria 21st, five years old, tracing to imp. Rosemary by Flash (261), to G. C. Brackett, Marshall, \$70.
Rosemary of Wheatfield, two years old, tracing to imp. Rosemary by Flash (261), to Mr. Easterley, Marshall, \$55.
Alice Hedges 4th, three years old, tracing to imp. Ruby by Young Dimple (971) to C. Lyster, Wheatfield, \$85.
Alice Hedges 5th, a yearling, tracing to imp. Ruby by Welcome Lad 78374, to R. B. Cowles, Battle Creek, \$180.
Lucky 4th, five years old, tracing to imp. Flora by Young Dimple (971) 55352, to Garrett Casey, Marshall, \$80.
Lucky 5th, two years old, tracing to imp. Flora by Laxon's Son of Comet (155), to A. J. Pratt, Dexter, \$50.
Cambria 34th, two years old, tracing to imp. Rosemary by Flash (261) 78374, to Wm. White, Marshall, \$70.
Bracelet Beauty 6th, two years old, tracing to imp. Bracelet by Duke of Athol (10150) to John Decker, Lacota, \$55.
Elvira 5th, five years old, tracing to imp. Elizabeth by Emperor (1974) to John Cudaby, Chicago, Ill., \$70.
Elvira 10th, two years old, out of Elvira 5th by Welcome Lad 78374 to Richard Gale, Battle Creek, \$80.
Ursuline 4th, nine years old, tracing to imp. Lady Liverpool by 3d Duke of York (10160), to A. Frin, Bellevue, \$85.
Ursuline 8th, two years old, tracing to imp. Lady Liverpool by 3d Duke of York (10160), to J. Cudaby, Chicago, Ill., \$65.
Mysie of Burlington, a Cruikshank two years old, by imp. Violet Knight 78287, to A. J. Pratt, Dexter, \$475.
Miss Wiley of Burlington, four years old, tracing to imp. Miss Hudson by Hermes (8145), to A. J. Pratt, Dexter, \$70.
Miss Wiley of Marshall, eight months old, tracing to imp. Miss Hudson, by Hermes (8145), to R. B. Cowles, Battle Creek, \$65.
Cleora of Wheatfield, two years old, tracing to Old Princess by 2d Wynyard (703) to Thomas Fragar, Marshall, \$70.
Welcome Lad 78374, four years old, tracing to imp. Welcome by Windsor 3d (23236) 54476, to A. J. Pratt, Dexter, \$95.
Major Bronson 23110, two years old, tracing to imp. Lady Liverpool by 3d Duke of York (10160), to John Decker, Lacota, \$155.
Welcome Boy, a yearling, tracing to imp. Princess by Wynyard (703), to R. S. Lawrence, Clinch, \$85.

BEEFPOUNDS.

Graceful 25010, two years old, imported, Coe Brothers, Galesburg, \$110.
Sunrise 13th, a yearling, bred by Downing & Greathouse, Woodlandville, Mo., to J. W. Lawrence, Pittsfield, \$150.
Lucy Wilton 25008, three years old, imported, to A. S. Wolcott, Concord, \$95.
Endale Cherry 25006, three years old, imported, to J. W. Lawrence, Pittsfield, \$125.
Lady Harriet, two years old, bred by the Iowa Hereford Cattle Co., to John Knight, Ceresco, \$145.
Gwendoline 25893, three years old, imported, to J. W. Lawrence, Pittsfield, \$145.
Lady Washington Lutley, a yearling, bred by Iowa Hereford Cattle Co., to Wm. Conley, Marshall, \$110.
Sorcerer 16539, four years old, bred by W. W. Crapo, Flint, to Coe Brothers, Galesburg, \$160.
Truth 25168, two years old, bred by W. W. Crapo, Flint, to H. Rider, Ceresco, \$85.
Spencer 13th 24735, four years old, imported, to J. Cudaby, Chicago, Ill., \$110.
Pretty Lass 2d, A. H. R., Vol. 8th, a yearling, bred by Indiana Blooded Stock Co., to J. W. Lawrence, Pittsfield, \$80.
Lady Decote 2d, A. H. R., Vol. 8th, a yearling, bred by Indiana Blooded Stock Co., to J. W. Lawrence, Pittsfield, \$80.
Felix (twin), A. H. R., Vol. 9, nine months old, bred by C. M. Culbertson, to J. W. Lawrence, Pittsfield, \$75.
Jack Horner, A. H. R., Vol. 9, eight months old, bred by Indiana Blooded Stock Co., to A. S. Wolcott, Concord, \$55.
Six Arthur, A. H. R., Vol. 9, eight months old, bred by Indiana Blooded Stock Co., to H. Rider, Ceresco, \$80.

There were also sold a number of yearling and two-year-old grade Herefords, which were taken at an average of \$50 each.

The sale cleaned out Mr. Henning's Shorthorns, but left him a grand herd of Herefords. At the conclusion of the sale these cattle were brought up from the pasture and turned into one of the yards so they could be looked over. The breeding cows are a remarkably fine lot, very even, in excellent condition, and a credit to their owner. They will do a good work for the white faces in this neighborhood, where, as yet, they are little known.

The Joint Sale of Messrs. Wm. Hall and W. E. Boyden.

On Thursday last the joint sale of Shorthorns by Messrs. Wm. Hall and W. E. Boyden, at the farm of the latter, called out the largest attendance of breeders and farmers we have seen at any sale in a long time. The old veterans in the business were also there, and the 500 present represented a wide extent of territory. Many who had not before visited Springbrook were more than pleased with the beauties of the place, the fine buildings, the broad fertile fields, and the order which reigns over all its departments. The hospitality which has made its name famous throughout Michigan lost nothing in the manner in which the large concourse of visitors present were cared for on Thursday, and it was all done with that generous thoughtfulness which fully merited the warm praises expressed by those who were its recipients. The day opened cold and cloudy, but by noon the genial sun was shining as if it felt pleased to be able to take part in the proceedings. Every one was good-natured, and a finer looking crowd of Michigan farmers never assembled around a sales-ring. Col. Mann was in good voice, and worked with his usual effectiveness. Though the prices obtained were not high they were fair, and the bidding showed discrimination and proved that those present wanted good cattle individually as well as high bred ones. There were a number sold which will undoubtedly show up at the fairs this fall, and it will take good ones to down them. Not an animal was sold which should not make the purchaser money. The sale was conducted in such a square and honorable manner—no subterfuges, no hiding or covering up of important matters connected with the breeding or condition of the animals, that we regard it as a model which breeders in other States can copy with profit to themselves and credit to their business. The following is a list of the animals sold, the purchasers, and the prices obtained:

FEMALES.

Lou Belle Airdrie, a Young Mary, got by Sharon Duke of Springbrook 77807, out of Lucy Airdrie by 20th Duke of Airdrie 13873, to A. E. Phelps, Dexter, \$180.
Ethelwyn Barrington, a Young Mary, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714, out of Barrington Lady by Barrington Duke 3d 7828, to James Turner, Lansing, \$135.
Hamilton's Duchess of Springbrook, a Rose of Sharon, got by Barrington Sharon 72883, out of Barrington Lady Sharon, by Barrington Duke 3d 37624, to C. F. Moore, St. Clair, \$80.
Lady Gray, a Young Mary, got by 15th Duke of Hillsdale 16329, out of Cordelle, by Victor 15991, E. N. Rook, Ypsilanti, \$50.
Lady Maad 3d, a Young Mary, got by Lord Compton 46714, out of Lady Gay, by 15th Duke of Hillsdale 16329, to Wm. Burnham, Delhi Mills, \$115.
Lady Hopeful, a Rose of Sharon, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714, out of Anne Boleyn 3d, by Lord Barrington 3d 30115, to Thomas Birkett, Birkett, \$105.
Ella Gwynne 2d, a Gwynne, got by imp. 2d Duke of Kirklevington 26276, out of Oxford Gwynne by 4th Duke of Winfield 8048, to C. F. Moore, St. Clair, \$180.
Ella Gwynne of Webster, a Gwynne, got by Barrington Duke of Webster 58885, out of Ella Gwynne 2d by imp. 2d Duke of Kirklevington 26276, to Mr. Knapp, Hamburg, \$90.
Fido Duchess of Hamburg, a Young Mary, got by Renick Wild Eyes 64189, out of Lucy Belle of Longwood 3d, by Cordella's Duke 38048, John McKay, Romeo, \$85.
Duchess of Springbrook 2d, a Rose of Sharon, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714 out of Rose of Longwood 3d by Geneva Wild Eyes 51776, James Turner, Lansing, \$180.
Barrington Lass, a Young Mary, got by Barrington Duke 3d 37623, out of Lucy Airdrie 20th by Duke of Airdrie 13873, to C. F. Moore, St. Clair, \$100.
Lou Belle Barrington, a Young Mary, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714 out of Barrington Lady by Barrington Duke 3d, to C. F. Moore, St. Clair, \$80.
Lizzie Curd 3d, a Young Mary, got by 15th Duke of Hillsdale 16329, out of Lizzie Curd by Rover (18906) Chas. Wheeler, Webster, \$80.
Mary Hopeful, a Young Mary, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714, out of Lizzie Curd 3d by 15th Duke of Hillsdale 16329, to Chas. Wheeler, Webster, \$55.
Lady Moreton 7th, a Young Mary, got by Royal Bates 36873, out of Lady Moreton 3d by Thordale Duke 15592, to James Turner, Lansing, \$125.
Lady Moreton 8th, a Young Mary, got by Wild Eyes Duke of Hamburg 64792, out of Lady Moreton 7th by Royal Bates 36873, to Fishbeck & Son, Howell, \$125.
Nora Airdrie, a Rose of Sharon, got by Red Airdrie 9907, out of Nora 5th, by Airdrie 2d 7459, to G. Henning, Wheatfield, \$100.
Camilla 8th (Weddie importation), got by Renick Wild Eyes 64189, out of Camilla 7th by Duke of Crow Farm 38533, to C. Rogers, Dexter, \$75.
Mary Combs, a Young Phyllis, got by Renick Sharon 53530, out of Fanny Combs 2d by imp. Pioneer 13593, to O. R. Patten, Mt. Pleasant, \$150.
Fanny Combs 2d, a Young Phyllis, got by imp. Pioneer 13593, out of Fanny Combs by Dick Taylor 5508, to G. W. Hall, Saline, \$55.
3d Phyllis of Webster, a Young Phyllis, got by Barrington Duke of Webster 58895, out of 11th Phyllis of Holmehurst by Major Booth 39240, to C. F. Moore, St. Clair, \$100.
Lottie R., a Victoria, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714, out of Rosette by 21st Duke of Hillsdale 22810, to Gilbert Hurd, Saline, \$125.
Maud Vinton, a Victoria, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714, out of Belle (Vol. 13) by Duke Balder 13660, to F. A. Baker, Detroit, \$145.
Bessie F., a Victoria, got by Commander-in-Chief 47714, out of Rosette by 21st Duke of Hillsdale 22810, to Conley, Lockwood & Henning, Marshall, \$200.
Lady, a Rosemary, got by Lord of the

The Horse.

Dates of Trotting Meetings in Michigan for 1888.

Kalamazoo	June 26 to 29
Jackson	July 3 to 6
Muskegon	July 10 to 13
Grand Rapids	July 17 to 20
Saginaw	July 24 to 27
Detroit	Sept. 4 to 8
Centerville	Sept. 11 to 14
Lansing	Sept. 24 to 28

SEPTEMBER ENTRIES OF THE DETROIT DRIVING CLUB.

The Detroit Driving Club will hold a fall meeting Sept. 4th to 8th inclusive. At this meeting special stakes have been arranged for two, three and four-year-old trotters. The stakes have been contributed by some of Detroit's enterprising men, who take an interest in good horses and wish to see Michigan take advanced ground in breeding the trotter. The list of entries for these stakes is as follows:

THE J. L. HUDSON STAKE FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS.
C. R. Tracy & Son, b. f. Astoria, by Kentucky Wiles, dam by Trent; b. f. Anemore, by Oronian, dam Jubilee; b. f. Africa, by Mambrino Dudley, dam Ectra.
Brier Hill Stock Farm, b. f. Egbertha, by Egbert, dam by Blood Chief.
John W. Boardman, b. c. Tom Pugh, by Red Wiles, dam Lottie Temple.
C. E. Wainman, b. f. R. M. Medium, by Happy Medium, dam Grace, by Golden Bow.
F. B. Galbraith, b. f. Grace D., by Edmore, dam Grace C., by Jim Pick.
Walter Warner, b. c. Master, by Masterville, dam Maggie Hubbard, by Magna Charta.
Rush Park Stock Farm, b. c. Astell, by William L., dam by Mambrino Boy.
Walter Clark, b. c. George Monday, by Pilot Medium, dam Beomott.
Sisson & Lilly, b. f. Y. P. Prince, by Y. P. Prince, dam by Phil Sheridan.
A. L. McCrea, b. c. Home Rule, by Ellal G., dam by Phil Sheridan.
T. D. Hodges, b. f. Canadian Girl, by Superior, dam Haven.
Edge Hill Stock Farm, b. c. Lord Howard, by Gen. Wiles, dam Louisa Howard.
Caton Stock Farm, b. c. Rottok Cossack, by Don Cossack, dam Aloma, by Almont; b. f. Dora Cossack, by Don Cossack, dam Dora H., by Perry Goldsmith.
Penn Valley Stud, b. c. Ashwood, by Nutwood, dam Flora Abdallah, b. f. Scribble, by Jay Gould, dam Squib.
Forest City Farm, b. c. Brandywine, by Brown Wiles, dam Abess, b. c. Winter, by Brown Wiles, dam Marjette.
L. W. Prior, b. c. San Mateo, by Nuggett, dam Zelma Wiles.
Edgewood Stock Farm, b. c. Hussar, by Jersey Wiles, dam Lady Switzer, by Wallick Chief.
Walter Clark, b. m. Lottie Williams, by Pilot Medium, dam by Jefferson Mambrino; b. c. Pilot K, by Pilot Medium, dam by Wild Wagoner.

A. C. Fisk, b. c. Latitude, by Walsingham, dam Arab to Trent, b. f. Y. P. Prince.
THE HOTEL CADILLAC STAKES FOR THREE-YEAR-OLDS.
B. F. Tracy & Son, b. c. by Mambrino Dudley, dam Alicia.
A. B. Donnell, b. c. Aglet, by Aglet, dam by Golden Bow.
George A. Fuller, b. c. Maxon, by Kentucky Prince, dam Nina, by Myeenger Duroc.
Bailey & Storm, b. f. Lady Ida (formerly Bloncie), by Pilot Champion, dam Gypsy, by Stephen A. Douglas.
Muburn Stock Farm, b. c. Director's Jug, by Director.
B. J. Stanford, b. c. Francis Pains, by Dan Campau, dam Daisy Cuyler, by Cuyler.
Edgehill Stock Farm, b. c. General Blackford, by General Wiles, dam Mollie Blackford.
A. C. Fisk, f. Phoebe Wiles, by Hambletonian Wiles, dam by Mambrino Chief.
Rosa's Stock Farm, b. c. Wilberino, by Mambrino, dam by Wildwood.
Caton Stock Farm, b. c. Woodcock, by Woodcraft, dam Kate Harold, by Harold.
Penn Valley Stud, b. f. Trappe, by Rumor, dam Zoe; b. f. Jude, by Rumor, dam La Cle.
Forest City Farm, b. c. Clonmore, by Connaught, dam Hopeless.
R. J. Travis, b. f. Lady Director, by Director, dam by Mambrino Gift.
Edgewood Stock Farm, b. f. Daisy Rose, by Sultan, dam Daisy Cuyler, by Cuyler.
Laura Belle, by Belmont, dam Laura, by Joe Hooker; b. c. Soc, by Socrates, dam Lucy Thorn, by Mambrino Thorn.
Walter Clark, b. m. Ella C., by Pilot Medium, dam by Jefferson Mambrino; b. c. Calhoun, by Pilot Medium, dam by Bay Middleton; b. c. Car Hodges, by Pilot Medium, dam by Shelby Chief.
Fred Grover, b. c. Grover Cleveland, by Sovereign, dam Kitty P.
THE B. STONER BREWING COMPANY STAKE, FOR FOUR-YEAR-OLDS.
C. C. Pond, W. H. C., by Young Jim, dam by Rothchild.
J. T. McKenna, b. c. Momus, by Margin, dam by Onward.
B. F. Tracy & Son, b. c. Fairfax, by Mambrino Dudley, dam Lady Moore.
F. B. Galbraith, b. c. Glenmore, by Edmore, dam Minnie, by Norwood.
M. L. Smith, b. m. Mollie J., by Montgomery, dam by Notable.
Rosa's Stock Farm, b. f. Gypsy Wiles, by Young Jim, dam by American Clay; b. c. Eric Fatchen, by Eric Mambrino, dam by Enquirer.
Caton Stock Farm, b. c. King Cossack, by Don Cossack, dam May Queen, by American Clay.
Fred Grover, b. m. Mollie B., by Sovereign, dam Kitty P.
Forest City Farm, b. c. Heckthrift, by Hermes, dam Kate Middleton.
R. J. Travis, b. f. Bessie P., by Lamps, dam by Ashland Chief.
Walter Clark, b. m. Minerva, by Pilot Medium, dam by Dan Lambert, b. c. Tyrolean, by Pilot Medium, dam by Bay Middleton.

KIRKWOOD.

SOUTH HAVEN, May 25, 1888.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR:—Will you please inform me through your paper with regard to the trotting stallion Kirkwood, his pedigree, number in register and record, date when foaled, and oblige.
SUBSCRIBER.

Kirkwood's registered number is 198. His breeding is as follows: Kirkwood, brown horse foaled 1860; got by Green's Bashaw 50; dam by Young Green Mountain Morgan, a son of Hale's Green Mountain. Green's Bashaw was by Verno's Black Hawk, a son of Black Hawk 24; dam Belle, by Webber's Tom Thumt; g. dam, the "Charles Kent mare" (dam of Hambletonian 10); imp. Bellfounder; g. dam, One Eye by Bishop's Hambletonian, son of imported Messenger. Kirkwood has three in the 30 list, and his son Sam Kirkwood has two. His best record is 2:24. Kirkwood was bred by D. R. Warfield, Muscatine, Iowa, and became the property of H. D. Compton, same place, who afterwards moved to Pontiac, Mich., and brought the horse with him. From there he went to Jersey City, N. J.

The Grand Central Circuit.

The stewards of the Grand Central Trotting Circuit met in the city of New York recently, and decided upon the dates for the circuit meetings. They are as follows: Cleveland—July 30 to Aug. 3, inclusive. Buffalo—Aug. 7 to 10, inclusive. Rochester—Aug. 14 to 17. Utica—Aug. 21 to 24. Albany—Aug. 28 to 31. Hartford—Sept. 4 to 7. Springfield—Sept. 11 to 14. New York—Sept. 18 to 21. The circuit decided to give a free-for-all paces race, with Johnston barred, and that it be one of the events of the season

of each association. Another event of the season will be the paces race for horses of the 2:17 class. The race will be under saddle. A double team race will be a feature. It will be free-for-all. It is optional with the managers of each track whether the race be run in double harness or tandem. The total amount of the circuit's purse money will not fall much short of \$200,000, although the sum stated is \$182,000. The purses range from \$1,000 to \$3,000, each point arranging that matter to suit itself, and some of them will offer extra purses for special events.

ONE of the interesting events of the week to horsemen was the visit to the stock farm of Senator Palmer of the Arabian stallion Linden Tree (Zeisefoun), presented to General Grant by the Sultan of Turkey in 1879. This horse has been purchased from the Grant estate by Gen. L. W. Colby, of Beatrice, Nebraska, to which place he is being taken. Linden Tree is now 15 years old, was foaled in the Desert of Sahara, is a silver gray in color, beautifully proportioned, kept entirely too fat. He is 15 hands high and weighs about 1,000 lbs., which shows him to be larger than usual with Arabians. His height being from 14 to 14½ hands. Linden Tree is of undoubted purity of blood, his pedigree running back nearly a thousand years, and of one of the most noted families of the breed. Perhaps the finest points about the horse are his beautifully moulded head and neck, his clean, symmetrical limbs, and his feet, which appear to be simply perfect. He is very docile and intelligent, and would make an elegant saddle horse.

Horse Gossip.

RAY WARNER'S colt Master is reported by the Coldwater Republican to have gone a mile recently in 2:55.

It is said that the only two race-horses in the United States that ever won over \$100,000 are Miss Woodford, by Billet, and Hanover, by Hindoo.

SILVERTHREAD, the pacer, won a race at Goshen, N. Y., last week, which took six heats to decide. He took the second heat in 2:23, third in 2:22, and the sixth in 2:23.

H. J. GREEN, of Stockbridge, has recently purchased of Dewey & Stewart, of Owosso, the young stallion Eugene Wilson 5293, by Louis Napoleon, dam by Indianapolis, by Tattler, a son of Pilot Jr.

MR. G. SUTHERLAND, of Saginaw City, has purchased the thoroughbred stallion Sunburst, and he will make the season in that city. Sunburst is a thoroughbred, and after a season on the turf was trained for a trotter getting a record close to 3:0.

FIVE colts and one filly, all Australian bred, have just been brought to this country by J. K. Newton, of California, who has been introduced California-bred trotters into Australia. These animals will be used for breeding purposes.

MR. P. KLINE, of Vernon, Shawansee Co., reports a pair half-blood Percheron colts, one two and the other three years old, that weigh 2,250 pounds. This is a good record for weight, but the point is whether it is flesh or good bone and muscle. Size and weight are all right if other things are in proportion. The chances are, however, that Mr. Kline has a good pair of colts, for he knows what a good one is.

It is reported that Orrin Hickok will not come east with his horses this week, but will remain in California this season. Now if Spain and a few more of the same sort will go over and visit Hickok and stay there the rest of the season, there will be a chance for the public to see some square trotting races. It is about time these men were retired from the track in the interest of honest sport.

COLDWATER Republican: To get a fair estimate of the amount of money left in the county for horses we would find the following statistics: Combination sale (in which mostly all sold were sold outside the county), \$20,000; L. M. Gray, buyer, \$15,000; Pavitt, Eschbaugh, Repard Brothers and other buyers, \$15,000, making a total of about \$50,000 paid for horses raised, owned and sold in Branch County since January 1, 1888; certainly quite a large sum.

The Grand Rapids Trotting Association has added four stakes to its regular programme. The two-year-old stake will be half-mile heats, two in three. The three and four-year-old stakes will be mile heats, three in five. Only horses with no records are eligible in the four-year-old class. There is also a stake for green roadsters, owners to drive. The entrance to each stake is \$20; if of which must accompany the nomination on June 25, and the balance on or before July 9.

THE BARD is renewing his triumphs, and is now acknowledged to be the peer of any horse on the turf. Some critics are finding fault with the way in which he captured the Brooklyn Handicap, and to them *Wiles Spirit* says: "We have heard some talk to the effect that The Bard had to be ridden out for all he was worth to beat Sir Dixon. Hayward certainly did ride him vigorously at the finish, and even used his whip once or twice, but that is very delusive. The Bard, like most very game horses, is a trifle sluggish, and needs riding a great deal. Horses are of two kinds, one will run on their spirit, but are seldom game; they will make their own running do the best, but no more, and go to pieces under pressure. Others run sluggishly and require urging to make them do their best, and such horses usually answer the whip gamely. The Bard is one of the latter kind, in which respect he is like Senator, Speedy and Dan the Red, while Luke Blackburn and Himyar, on the other hand, would run their heads off, but 'got rattled' under the whip. Longfellow and Hindoo were singular exceptions, inasmuch as they combined both qualities. They would do their best and stand a drive, and whip and spur would always squeeze a little out of them."

The Remarkable Cures

which have been effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the several cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought about the happiest results. The case of Miss Sarah C. Whitney, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofula sores; that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., who had thirteen abscesses on his face and neck; that of Willie Duff, of Walpole, Mass., who had disease and scrofula so bad that physicians said he could not recover, are a few of the many instances in which wonderful cures were effected by this medicine.

The Farm

CANADIAN CHEESE-MAKING.

System of Cheese-Making Pursued in the Allengrove Cheese Combination of Seventy Factories.

In a trade circular issued by D. H. Burrell & Co., of Little Falls, Herkimer Co., N. Y., we find the following description of the system of cheese-making followed by the Allengrove Cheese Combination of Lancaster, Ont., given by the Inspector and Manager, Mr. J. A. Ruddick:

"Receive nothing but pure sweet milk; set at 84 to 86 degrees, using enough of rennet to form coagulation in fifteen minutes. The mixing of the rennet should be thoroughly done and stirring kept up for five minutes; begin cutting in about forty minutes, or when the curd breaks over the finger clean and sharp. All the cutting is done at once and the stirring begins immediately, the sooner the better, but very gently. The heating is also begun at once, but very light at first, gradually increasing the amount of steam as fast as the whey forms out of the curd. The rate established, enough to keep the curd on the surface of the whey at all parts of the vat; as more whey forms, increased agitation is needed. Following this rule prevents any particles of curd resting on the hot tin; should this happen it would cause a permanent injury to the quality of cheese. The stirring must be kept up for ten to fifteen minutes after the temperature has been raised to 97 or 98 degrees; at no time should the curd be heated over 98 degrees; no stirring is done until after the whey is drawn, which is usually done at the first appearance of the acid change. If the curd is firm and squeaks between the teeth, it is then stirred thoroughly once over the whole vat; if not, it shows it is too soft, and stirring should be kept up until it gets sufficiently firm, then it should be allowed to mat over the bottom of the vat, cut into pieces and turned over at the same time. A cover is used over the vat all seasons of the year to keep up a uniform heat in the curd. After one or two hours the curd is passed through the Macpherson curd mill, which cuts it into thin, narrow strips of uniform size, and if the curd is porous it is passed twice through this mill, so as to liberate the gases and expose as much surface as possible to the air. Stirring of the curd is then kept up for one hour by the hand, after which the salt is applied and well mixed in, at the rate of two to two and a half pounds of salt to 100 pounds of curd; the salt is then heaped for one hour, for the salt to permeate and distribute evenly; it is then put to press in even sized cheese, squarely pressed, lightly at first, gradually increasing the pressure every half hour until the full power is applied—taken out of press and turned the following day. The cheese is removed to cure room and bandage neatly adjusted and ends well greased and rubbed with the hands.

"In this system, the stirring is invariably effected by a new and simple device lately gotten up and introduced in all the factories of this combination by the proprietor. Both the peculiar form of this implement and the method of its use, produces two distinct motions of the curd—a boiling motion from the bottom of the vat to the top, and a traveling motion, down one side of the vat and up the other side."

Carrots as a Farm Crop.

It is always believed to be good economy to produce upon the farm, so far as possible, those crops that may be employed as food to farm animals. And while a sufficient amount may be secured of the kind known as dry fodder, or of ensilage, it is a question if it is not desirable to secure a variety and such changes as would be relished by animals. It is claimed that ensilage supplies all the succulent food necessary in winter feeding, and that it can be secured at much less cost than to grow root crops. Perhaps this may be true, and this method of food production is open to those who prefer it; but there are those who have not yet given way to the enthusiasm of the ensilage advocates, and to such we can recommend the carrot as a profitable and excellent crop to grow for feeding purposes. It can be grown upon any good moist loamy soil, but requires liberal feeding; its cultivation should not be attempted in a soil that is excessively weedy, or the labor at first will be so great as to become discouraging, as the crop must be kept clean in order to insure even average success. The carrot is, however, when fairly rooted, a rapid and vigorous grower, and its spreading foliage greatly assists in keeping down any growth of weeds. Several hundred bushels may be grown upon an acre. They should be harvested before they are injured by frosts and put in root cellar that is secure from freezing. With dry hay they form a most valuable supplementary food, and are especially liked by horses, which seem to thrive under them. Some farmers consider them fully as valuable as oats for horses and will not be without them. They are also excellent for milch cows, giving a rich, wholesome color to the cream and butter. It is a crop worthy of cultivation.—*Germania Telegraph.*

Parasites on Live Stock.

At the end of the winter, colts, calves, and older stock are very apt to be crowded with these objectionable parasites. They thrive best upon animals, and are supposed to be bred by old, worn-out, and miserable creatures. However this may be, there is no doubt that they find a suitable home in the dirty matted hair in the late winter or early spring months, and on a sunny day may be seen literally in millions, every hair having nits upon it. One reason of so much rubbish accompanying them is that in course of their development from the egg to the mature louse the skin is cast several times.

To get rid of them is not always easy, as the length of coat and accumulation of dandruff or scurf makes a water-proof covering that resists many remedies which in themselves are certain destroyers if only brought in contact with the parasites.

A sunny day should be chosen, and the early part of it, when a bountiful washing with soft soap and hot water should be undertaken, so as to clear the skin of grease and dirt before applying the remedy. Stavesacre is an effective destroyer of lice if applied by boiling one-half pound with a gallon of water and brushing well into the coat with a hard brush.

Tobacco juice is also much in request for the purpose, and can be procured from druggists at a very low rate, as it is imported now free of duty, or only a nominal duty, and the old expensive plan of boiling or incising good shag tobacco is unnecessary.

By the way, very few people avail themselves of the governmental privileges of growing sufficient tobacco for such and fumigating purposes, though they might easily do so.

Paraffine is sometimes used, but is a very dangerous remedy, occasionally being absorbed and causing the death of the animal, and not infrequently causing a blister, and much unnecessary pain, and subsequent blemish.

There is another kind of louse from which horses suffer, which, if once seen can never be forgotten—we refer to poultry lousiness. It will sometimes happen that a horse stabled with fowls will become affected and literally tear himself to pieces with them unless properly treated with one of the foregoing remedies, either of which is as effective against these as against the ordinary louse.

In washing or applying any remedy, it should always be commenced near the eyes and worked backward, as if any other plan is adopted the besieged retreat into the mane and ears, and many escape altogether, like rats that are left just to keep up the breed after the rat-catcher is gone.

It is always well to repeat the dressing and keep the animal moving about till dry, or they may lick off more lotion than is good for them, or stand about and get chilled.—*Chemist and Druggist.*

Ensilage in New England.

L. W. Curtis, of Globe Village, Mass., says that in his vicinity there are a number of farmers who have silos, which they have used from one to seven years, and none could be induced to give them up. He says in the *New England Farmer*:

"Mr. Clemence, of this town, has adopted this system and has more than doubled his stock in seven years, and has nay to sell; while with half the stock he used to buy more or less. I can say the same. Last spring I put up a barn 50 x 25 feet and have filled both barns—say four silos, and have corn stored on top of the silos, not having any other place for storage. I shall certainly have the new barn full of hay for sale and keep twice the stock I did before I had the silos, when I had to buy from one to two hundred dollars worth of hay. Perhaps saving the liquid manure has been one factor in increasing the production of my farm, but without that, if a farmer is able to keep twice the stock he has twice as much manure to put on it, and we all know that the last half is what makes the big crops."

"As to the manner of feeding I do not know of any changes. I always feed after milking, and have never had any complaint from bad taste. Mr. Clemence and myself sell as good milk as any dealer around and have the best customers in the village. In this connection I might say that Mr. Clemence and myself have a small derrick and a box on wheels, which one man can handle. This saves much work and time in feeding ensilage.

"Bran is so high that I am not feeding any this winter. My sweet corn was well matured and cut early, so that I have a very rich fodder. After each feeding of ensilage the cows have all the dry hay they can eat, which takes the place of bran. I have been in the habit of planting yearly large southern corn near my barn where the carting would be slight. Further away from the barn I planted some sweet corn. It earned beautifully (two ears on many stalks), and being on drier ground the roots held firmer and it was not so badly blown down. I am inclined to think I got nearly as much in value as with the larger kinds. Mr. Clemence raises nothing but sweet corn, and thinks he makes up in quality what he lacks in quantity. I also had part of my field corn picked and put in stover in the silos. This is a very quick way of harvesting, and if the corn is not laid too thick it will dry well. If there is much rain take a fork and turn it over."

Carrots as a Farm Crop.

It is always believed to be good economy to produce upon the farm, so far as possible, those crops that may be employed as food to farm animals.

And while a sufficient amount may be secured of the kind known as dry fodder, or of ensilage, it is a question if it is not desirable to secure a variety and such changes as would be relished by animals. It is claimed that ensilage supplies all the succulent food necessary in winter feeding, and that it can be secured at much less cost than to grow root crops. Perhaps this may be true, and this method of food production is open to those who prefer it; but there are those who have not yet given way to the enthusiasm of the ensilage advocates, and to such we can recommend the carrot as a profitable and excellent crop to grow for feeding purposes. It can be grown upon any good moist loamy soil, but requires liberal feeding; its cultivation should not be attempted in a soil that is excessively weedy, or the labor at first will be so great as to become discouraging, as the crop must be kept clean in order to insure even average success. The carrot is, however, when fairly rooted, a rapid and vigorous grower, and its spreading foliage greatly assists in keeping down any growth of weeds. Several hundred bushels may be grown upon an acre. They should be harvested before they are injured by frosts and put in root cellar that is secure from freezing. With dry hay they form a most valuable supplementary food, and are especially liked by horses, which seem to thrive under them. Some farmers consider them fully as valuable as oats for horses and will not be without them. They are also excellent for milch cows, giving a rich, wholesome color to the cream and butter. It is a crop worthy of cultivation.—*Germania Telegraph.*

By the way, very few people avail themselves of the governmental privileges of growing sufficient tobacco for such and fumigating purposes, though they might easily do so.

Paraffine is sometimes used, but is a very dangerous remedy, occasionally being absorbed and causing the death of the animal, and not infrequently causing a blister, and much unnecessary pain, and subsequent blemish.

There is another kind of louse from which horses suffer, which, if once seen can never be forgotten—we refer to poultry lousiness. It will sometimes happen that a horse stabled with fowls will become affected and literally tear himself to pieces with them unless properly treated with one of the foregoing remedies, either of which is as effective against these as against the ordinary louse.

In washing or applying any remedy, it should always be commenced near the eyes and worked backward, as if any other plan is adopted the besieged retreat into the mane and ears, and many escape altogether, like rats that are left just to keep up the breed after the rat-catcher is gone.

It is always well to repeat the dressing and keep the animal moving about till dry, or they may lick off more lotion than is good for them, or stand about and get chilled.—*Chemist and Druggist.*

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Warner's Safe Cure

1 has been before the public now about ten years, and in that time has proved itself to be all that it has been represented.

2 It is purely vegetable, contains nothing harmful, and DOES purify the blood and CURES disease, as it puts the kidneys, the only blood-purifying organs, in complete health.

3 It Cures Permanently. We have tens of thousands of testimonials to this effect from people who were cured years ago and who are well today.

4 It is a Scientific Specific, was not put upon the market until thoroughly tested, and has the endorsement of Prof. S. A. Lattimore, M. A., Ph. D., Official Analyst of foods and medicines, N. Y. State Board of Health, and scores of eminent chemists, physicians and professional experts.

5 H. H. Warner & Co., do not cure everything from one bottle, they having a specific for each important disease. Fight shy of any preparation which claims infallibility.

6 The testimonials printed by H. H. Warner & Co. are, so far as they know, positively genuine. For the past five years they have had a standing offer of \$5,000 for proof to the contrary. If you are sick and want to get well, use

Warner's Safe Cure.

Agricultural Items.

SOME Ohio farmers make a good fence by buying a lot of pickets and wiring them on to barbed wire, two or three feet apart, so animals can see the fence. They claim there is less danger of injury to stock.

VERMONT produces 15,000,000 pounds of maple sugar and 200,000 gallons of syrup, valued at \$1,250,000 this year. There are 15,000,000 maple trees in the State, only 5,000,000 of which are used in sugar-making.

THE fifty thousand acres of ensilage corn which Wisconsin farmers raised in 1887 saved thousands of dollars' worth of stock in certain counties. Pastures and hay suffered from drought, but the ensilage filled the gap in winter feeding.

NEW YORK farmers practice cutting oats green for fodder. The fodder is excellent for milch cows. The oats are cut before they get fairly out of the milk, when it begins to be a little thick and doughy, and the straw should look green when cured.

T. D. BAIRD says that to feed the same ration to cows, irrespective of individual requirement, is wasteful. Some cows will get more than they can eat, some less. Give the scrub, if you happen to have one, a thorough scrubbing, perhaps you will be surprised at the excellent results.

GET in the habit of planning your work ahead, but do not make your plans so rigid as to be unwilling to change them to suit the weather. Often in a single hour you may find it necessary to entirely remodel your plan of procedure. The more thought and intelligence you put into farming, the more pleasure and profit it will afford you.

G. N. ARMSTRONG, a dairy farmer of Sussex County, N. Y., fed his 60 cows \$900 worth of feed, and netted by sales of milk \$4,468.57, or \$74.48 per cow. During the year 1,500 bushels of lime were used as a fertilizer, and only two mornings in that time (during the blizzard) did his men fail to draw the manure to the fields. This system, Mr. Armstrong thinks an excellent one, as he believes the manure is worth at least double that permitted to lie in the yard weeks and months.

An exchange says: "A traveler in Norway says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food, which perhaps might be beneficially followed here. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the animal's respiratory organs."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man claims to have discovered an effective preventive of potato rot. His remedy is to keep the hill dry, so that the potatoes may have air to breathe, by covering the top of the hill with a piece of old paper, or something similar, after the potatoes are nearly grown, to shed the excess of rain, which causes the rot. If the tops are bent to one side, and a piece of paper twelve inches square be confined on the hill by stones, sticks, rails or a little earth, he says he has found it effective in preventing the rot, and the expense need not be much more than once hoeing. He was led to this discovery by observing that on a hill of potatoes where a turkey had set and hatched her young, and shed the rain from the hill, every potato in the hill was sound and good, while the other hills on the piece were not worth digging.

THE Poultry Yard.

Seasonable Hints.

Against adversity we are advised to keep a stiff upper lip. Don't get discouraged at every little drawback, overcome these difficulties of life; remember that our pathway is full of them, and you will be surprised to see how smoothly and easily things move along by a little effort on your part.

Don't your hens lay well? The case may be found in the neglect to supply them with plenty of pure water. It is more necessary than food. Water enters largely into the composition of an egg, and you will there-

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUCKEYE HAY RAKES

No RATCHETS or COG WHEELS to Get out of Order

PRACTICALLY A Self-Dump Rake

High wheels, with long and adjustable, made of iron or steel with a heavy temper. Has a Lock Lever and a Swinging Gate, and a RAKE OF TUBES.

We also manufacture Buckeye Grain Drills, Buckeye Rakes, Buckeye Hoes, Buckeye Walkers, Buckeye Cultivators, Buckeye Seed Sowers, Buckeye Fertilizers and Clover Crushers.

Branch Offices: Philadelphia, Pa.; Portland, Me.; St. Paul, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; and San Francisco, Cal.; and in every State and Territory of the United States or to either of the above firms or to

P. P. MAST & CO., Springfield, O.

NOT EXCELLED BY ANY RAKE IN THE MARKET.

fore see the need of giving them plenty of it—pure and clean.

Don't imagine that because a man keeps a few chickens he is a "fancier." Remember that the knife does not make the cook.

Don't forget the whitewash brush; use it vigorously this month, or you may have to do of trouble later on. Remember that nits make lice, and that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Carbolic acid in the lime does lots of good.

Of course you have bought a few settings of choice eggs from some reliable fancier this season. You may need them to strengthen and improve your breeding yards next season.

Your hens may be over fat and hence do not lay well, and the eggs you get do not hatch well. Reduce the fat at once. The safest and surest way is to let them become broody, let them sit a week on a few nest eggs, then break the nest up and they will soon go to laying.

Fowls in confinement need a variety of food, and one of the most important is green food of some kind. We find the best thing to give them is clover hay, three times a week, well steeped in scalding water. This is bulky and hens need this—too much solid food tends to fatten, and when hens take on fat they generally cease to lay.

Don't you want to set your broody hens? Throw them into the yard with a few strong, vigorous cockerels. This treatment will cure them of the broody fever; but, for mercy sake, don't resort to the barbarous practice of "duking" them in cold water!

Don't set too many eggs under a hen at this time of the year. Thirteen is about the right number for a large hen—ten is better—after this month a good sized hen will take care of twenty to thirty chicks. Set two or three hens at one time and then give all the chicks to one hen, and set the others over again. That is, if you will set hens and raise chickens in this way. We think it will please, interest and pay you to try the other way.

Don't keep chickens and hogs together—don't work—you will find you have raised very dear pork. It doesn't keep and young stock together—keep them separate.

Don't hatch any more chicks than you can well care for, and keep them indoors until the dew is off the grass. Feed carefully and generously, and remember that it don't pay to scrimp the wheat portion of the food!

Don't use nest eggs. They are a nuisance and often cause egg eating. The eggs roll against the nest egg, become cracked and then the trouble begins. Gather the eggs frequently, but use no nest eggs and save yourself much trouble.

Don't use shavings, sawdust or excelsior for nests. We know it is not good. Use forest leaves or cut straw, we find these the best from experience.—*Poultry Journal.*

* Subscribers remitting money to this office
would confer a favor by having their letters reg-
istered, or by procuring a money order, other-
wise we cannot be responsible for the money.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS
Subscribers wishing the address of the FARMER
changed must give us the name of the Post-
office to which the paper is now being sent, as
well as the one they wish to have it sent to. In
writing for a change of address all that is neces-
sary to say is: Change the address on MICHIGAN
FARMER from — Postoffice to — Postoffice.
Your name in full.



DETROIT, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the
past week amounted to 46,321 bu., against
37,675 bu. the previous week, and 27,550
bu. for corresponding week in 1887. Ship-
ments for the week were 42,016 against
55,217 bu. the previous week and 97,442 bu.
the corresponding week in 1887. The stocks
of wheat now held in this city amount to
306,040 bu., against 321,700 bu. last week
and 192,331 bu. at the corresponding date
in 1887. The visible supply of this grain on
June 2 was 36,425,426 bu. against 27,662,
465 the previous week, and 42,450,571
for the corresponding week in 1887. This
shows a decrease from the amount reported
the previous week of 1,344,039 bushels. As
compared with a year ago the visible sup-
ply shows a decrease of 16,025,445 bu.

The week closes with the wheat market
quiet in tone and rather weak. As com-
pared with a week ago values are somewhat
lower on both spot and futures. Late fu-
tures are relatively the strongest, spot and
near futures showing weakness, and a de-
cline is noted on them from the prices of
Thursday. Chicago is lower, and New
York also, the decline being from 1/4c to 3/4c
in each case. Rumors yesterday were to the
effect that the government report for June
put the condition of the crop at 69 per cent.;
last month's estimate was 73. If this turns
out to be correct the markets will probably
"brace up" again. One point of weak-
ness, however, is the dullness of foreign
trade, and the increase in the exports from
India. Liverpool and London were both
very quiet yesterday, spot wheat, however,
being less firm than futures.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat in this market from
May 15th to June 8th, inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
May 15.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 16.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 17.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 18.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 19.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 20.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 21.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 22.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 23.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 24.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 25.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 26.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 27.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 28.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 29.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 30.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
June 1.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 2.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 3.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 4.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 5.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 6.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 7.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
" 8.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various dates each day of the past week
were as follows:

	June	July	Aug.
Saturday.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
Sunday.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
Monday.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
Tuesday.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
Wednesday.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
Thursday.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2
Friday.....	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2

The crop outlook in Europe is only fair.
The season is backward, the weather cold,
and vegetation progresses slowly. In Ger-
many the weather has been very changeable,
but latest mail advices showed some im-
provement. There are few complaints as to
wheat beyond its general backwardness,
but there are many complaints relative to
the rye crop, owing to the severe weather of
the winter and early spring.

In Belgium the position of the wheat crop
is reported to be healthy and satisfactory,
but very backward for the season. Reports
from Holland are much to the same effect;
reserves in the latter country are very small.
In Austria-Hungary winter wheat is re-
ported to show a little improvement, but is
still far from satisfactory, the plant being
weak and thin. Reports as to rye are also
unfavorable, and the crop promises to be a
poor one.

The colonies of South Australia, Victoria,
New Zealand and New South Wales pro-
duce practically all the wheat grown in Aus-
tralia, less than a million bushels being
grown in the remaining colonies. Taking
the official reports from Victoria and New
South Wales and commercial estimates as to
South Australia and New Zealand, the
1887-8 wheat crop is placed at 42,527,395
bu., against 34,766,518 bu. in 1886-7. It
would seem that Australia's surplus is
allowing for increase in population, about
7,500,000 bushels larger than last year.
Aided by easier freights South Aus-
tralia has been shipping wheat quite freely,
the total from January 1 to April 5, being
about 100,000 tons.

The Chicago Tribune of Thursday says:
"A temperature ranging among the thir-
ties in the northwest is low when it takes
only about a fortnight of midsummer's heat.
It may well excite fears that the wheat in
that part of the world will not have matured
by the time that further vegetation for the
year is stopped by the frosts of autumn. In

the other direction it is reported that the
wheat in Tennessee has been struck by
rust, and that is a mischief the extent of
damage caused by which does not come out
till harvest time. So far Kansas is the only
State that gives promise of a good crop of
wheat this year, and the countries of Europe
appear also to be troubled with a backward-
ness of season that is far from auguring a
good harvest yield."

The Missouri Agricultural Department
places the crop of that State at 64 in condi-
tion against 77 a month ago, when the latter
figures were estimated to mean a crop of
only about 14,000,000 bu. on a much de-
creased acreage of winter wheat.

Reports from Pittsfield and Logan Coun-
ty, Illinois, say the yield of wheat in the
southern half of Illinois will scarcely be
more than half a crop.

The following table shows the quantity
of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in
the United States, Canada, and on passage
to Great Britain and the Continent of Eu-
rope:

	Bushels.
Visible supply.....	29,022,238
On passage for United Kingdom.....	18,088,000
On passage for Continent of Europe.....	5,117,387
Total May 19, 1888.....	52,227,625
Total previous week.....	54,350,771
Total May 21, 1888.....	51,117,387

The estimated receipts of foreign and
home-grown wheat in the English markets
during the week ending May 26 were
548,400 bu. less than the estimated
consumption; and for the eight weeks end-
ing May 12 the receipts are estimated to
have been 5,554,480 bu. less than the con-
sumption. The receipts show a decrease
of 4,504,920 bu. as compared with the cor-
responding eight weeks in 1887.

Shipments of wheat from India for the
week ending May 26, 1888, as per specifi-
cable to the New York Produce Exchange,
aggregated 1,820,000 bu., of which 1,140,000
was for the United Kingdom and 680,-
000 to the Continent. The shipments for
the previous week, as cable, amounted to
1,140,000 bushels, of which 500,000 went
to the United Kingdom and 640,000 to
the Continent. The total shipments from
April 1, 1888, which was the beginning
of the crop year, to May 26, 1888, have
been 7,120,000 bu., including 2,840,000 bu.
to the United Kingdom, 4,280,000 to the
Continent. The wheat on passage from
India May 14 was estimated at 3,056,000 bu.
One year ago the quantity was 3,440,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was
quiet with light demand. Quotations for
American wheat are as follows: No. 2
spring, 6s. 8d. @ 6s. 9d.; California No. 1
6s. 8d. @ 6s. 10d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 13,650 bu., against 51,875 bu.
the previous week, and 15,854 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1887. Shipments for
the week were 20,528 bu., against 27,088 bu.
the previous week, and 10,453 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1887. The visible
supply of corn in the country on June 2
amounted to 9,210,453 bu. against 8,268,300
bu. the previous week, and 12,709,312 bu.
at the same date in 1887. The visible supply
shows an increase during the week indicated
of 942,092 bu. The stocks now held in this
city amount to 31,351 bu. against 42,983 bu.
last week, and 25,173 bu. at the corre-
sponding date in 1887. As compared with a
year ago the visible supply shows a de-
crease of 3,495,980 bu. Corn is again
lower, and the market seems to be weaker
at all points. At the west, where it has
been ruled strong, prices yesterday gave way,
and all markets are reported lower. There
is a large breadth of corn planted, and
while the cold weather has been against it
there is yet ample time for the crop to
mature, and it will probably be a very large
one. The failures of the past two years,
however, make farmers anxious. Foreign
markets are generally lower, and rule
quiet. Quotations here are 55 1/2c for No. 2
mixed, and 56 1/2c for No. 2 yellow. At
Chicago corn is also weak and values lower.
The decline there has been greater
than in this market. Latest quotations
in the Chicago market were 52 1/2c for
No. 2 spot, 52 1/2c for June delivery,
52 1/2c for July, and 53 1/2c for August.

The Liverpool market on Thursday was
steady but values were lower. The following
are the latest cable quotations from Liver-
pool: Spot mixed, 4s. 9d. per cental;
June delivery at 4s. 9 1/2d., and July at 4s.
10d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were
26,077 bu., against 40,474 bu. the previous
week, and 17,120 bu. for the corresponding
week last year. The shipments for the week
were nothing, against 5,764 bu. the previ-
ous week, and 8,430 bu. for same week in
1887. The visible supply of this grain on
June 2 was 5,399,291 bu., against 5,002,811
bu. the previous week, and 3,453,327 at the
corresponding date in 1887. The visible
supply shows an increase of 396,490 bu.
for the week indicated. Stocks held in
store here amount to 45,400 bu., against
46,902 bu. the previous week, and 21,573
bu. at the corresponding date in 1887. Oats
have naturally declined in sympathy with
other grains and from a lessened inquiry.
Receipts also have been ample, and while
the market is not weak the tone is easier.
No. 2 white have declined about 1/4c during
the week, and are now quoted at 38 1/2c,
while No. 2 mixed have dropped 1c.
The season is a favorable one for oats, the cool
rains being just what they need. They
have not got a luxuriant growth, but they
look stout and healthy, and the crop is
likely to be a good one. At Chicago
the market is also lower, the decline
for the week being greater than here.
Yesterday the market dropped again
and closed dull. Latest quotations in
that market yesterday were as fol-
lows: Spot No. 2 mixed, 34 1/2c; No. 2
white, 34 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, 34 1/2c. In futures
No. 2 mixed for June, 34 1/2c; August, 28c.
The New York market was less active
yesterday; white grades are scarce and
somewhat higher, while mixed are
rather lower than a week ago. Quota-
tions at that market are as follows:
No. 2 white, 46 @ 46 1/2c; No. 3 white, 44 1/2
@ 45 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, 38 @ 38 1/2c. In futures
No. 2 mixed for June, 38 @ 38 1/2c, and July
at 37 1/2c. Western sold at 45 @ 45 1/2c for
white, and 35 @ 40c for mixed.

The Michigan Condensed Milk Company, of
Lansing, uses \$100,000 worth of refined sugar
yearly.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

While the market is again lower, it is
likely that lowest points have been reached
and values are more apt to advance than
decline. Receipts fell off yesterday very
considerably, which makes it probable that
makers prefer holding to accepting present
low figures. The result of this policy is
likely to cause sellers to demand better
prices, and yesterday the tone of the market
showed a decided improvement. Some lots
of choice dairy sold at 15c, with most busi-
ness, however, being done at 13 @ 14c per lb.
These figures are below the normal price
of the market at this season, and we
hope to see some improvement within the
week. Creamery is quiet at 17 @ 18c. At
Chicago the past week the receipts of cream-
eries were not heavy, and the market was
fully steady and firmer than last week.
Common dairies were in light request and
easy. Quotations there are as follows:
Fancy Elgin creameries, 17 @ 18c per lb.; fine
Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota do, 16 1/2 @
17 1/2c; fair to good do, 15 @ 16c; fancy dairies,
14 @ 15c; common to fair do, 13 @ 14c; pack-
ing stock, 10 @ 11c. The quality is said to
be improving, and dealers are taking con-
siderable quantities for cold storage. At
New York values are again lower, but they
have begun to advance under lighter re-
ceipts and an improved demand. The Daily
Bulletin says of the market:

"There is a fair supply of butter, but no
considered large for the season, and with a
continued good demand, the market is
gradually becoming firmer. The most strength
shown in fancy full grass lots, some of
which are being put away. State creamery
pails are hardly quotable above 19 @ 19 1/2c,
though occasionally lots are worked out in a
small way at 20c. Elgin is very firm at 19c
and occasionally held a fraction higher. Other
fancy Western is cleaning up readily at
18 1/2 @ 19c, and next grades under at 17 1/2
@ 18c. Lower grades are quiet, but held
steadily. State dairy full-tubs in good de-
mand and firm. Very few Western tubs are
arriving. Imitation creamery and dairy in
good demand and firm."

Quotations in that market yesterday were
as follows:

	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, State, pails, fancy.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, State, tubs, fancy.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, prime.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, fair.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, fine.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, good.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, prime.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, tubs, prime.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, tubs, fair to good.....	19 @	19 1/2 @

WESTERN STOCK.

	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, Elgin, fancy.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, Elgin, tubs, fancy.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, prime.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
Creamery, fair.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, fine.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, good.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, prime.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, tubs, prime.....	19 @	19 1/2 @
State dairy, full, tubs, fair to good.....	19 @	19 1/2 @

The exports of butter from Atlantic ports
for the week ending May 26 were 69,172
lbs., against 85,089 the previous week, and
117,519 for the corresponding week in 1887.

CHEESE.

As expected, there has been a sharp de-
cline in the price of all grades of cheese, and
the decline has been general in domestic
and foreign markets. The situation shows
considerable weakness even at the decline,
although the New York market appeared to
be doing a little better yesterday. Quotations
in this market are as follows: Michigan
full cream, 9 @ 10c; New York, 10 @ 10 1/2c;
Ohio, 8 1/2 @ 9c; skim, 5 @ 7c. At Chicago
the market was easy, with liberal arrivals,
owing to the recent free purchasing at pro-
ducing districts. The demand was only
fair and revised quotations were as follows:
New full cream, cheddars, 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4c per
lb.; do flats, 8 @ 8 1/2c; do Young America,
8 @ 8 1/2c; poor to choice skims, 2 @ 3c; brick
cheese, 12 @ 13c. The New York market
has declined slightly during the week,
and appeared dull and depressed; but it
improved somewhat yesterday in tone, and
may do better if shippers decide to take
hold. The Liverpool market has been so
dull that they have done little or nothing
for some days. The Daily Bulletin says
of the market:

"There appeared to be a somewhat more
hopeful feeling to-day. A larger number
of shippers were on hand looking for stock,
and everything that could be handled in
proportion. In proportion, though it
was time for to-day's steamer was taken, with
indications that a larger amount would
have found custom if available; in addition
to which there was more or less negotiation
on parcels to arrive, with a few bought out-
right, and others placed under contract by
parties anxious to have first chance at the
regulars in order to make sure of them for
Saturday's boats. Price was unchanged,
8 1/2c being paid for the strictly fancy,
with other grades in proportion, though it
appeared to be the policy of receivers to
accept these rates without seeking an ad-
vance."

On new cheese quotations there yesterday
were as follows:

	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, full cream, colored.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, full cream, white.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, good.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, medium grades cream.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, ordinary.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, light skims.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, medium.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
State factory, full cream, colored.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
Ohio flats, best.....	8 @	8 1/2 @
Ohio flats, ordinary.....	8 @	8 1/2 @

The Montreal Gazette, in a review of the
market, says:

"The cheese situation, although not ap-
parently worse, has an easy expression,
without, however, going the length of a
quotable decline, which it would probably
be the offerings of larger proportions.
During the week it is likely that receipts
will reach larger volume, and if orders fail
to come in a weaker market may result.
At present shippers act as if indifferent, and
claim that there are few, if any, orders on
hand which could be executed. The cable
advises contain nothing of an encouraging
nature, and mail advices contain the signifi-
cant news which factormen will do well to
note, that a heavy shipment of New Zealand
cheese arrived in London via Liverpool and
met with a steady sale at 44 @ 46 for best
and 36 @ 40c for medium. Our late country
advises report a heavy make of prime qual-
ity in progress, with pastures in satisfactory
condition. Factormen, however, have
commenced to grumble over prices, but it
should be recalled that although we are
not below last year, we are higher than in
1886."

The receipts of cheese in New York for
the week ending June 2 were 36,377
boxes, against 27,346 the previous week,
and 35,925 boxes the corresponding week
in 1887. The exports from all Atlantic
ports for the same week were 2,580,177 lbs.,
against 770,471 lbs. the previous week,
and 1,944,658 lbs. the corresponding week in
1887.

The Liverpool market on Friday was
quiet lower for new American colored at
44s. 6d. per cwt., and dull for American
white at 44s. 6d. These quotations are for
new cheese.

WOOL.

Beyond being a trifle duller, there is
nothing new in the position of the eastern
markets. It is a waiting market, in every
way. The farmers are waiting to see what
prices will be offered for their clips, the
dealers are waiting to see if manufacturers
are likely to be free buyers on the present
basis of prices, and the manufacturers are
waiting to see what Congress will do with
the Mills bill and free wool. It looks as if
the waiting policy would obtain for the
next three or four months, until the whole
matter is settled by the vote of the people.
Until it is settled it is idle to look for any
improvement in the demand, for buyers had
a very costly experience last year, and will
not be likely to take any chances.

At Boston the movement has been very
light, manufacturers buying in small quan-
tities and only as compelled to. Values
appear to be unchanged. The Daily
Advertiser says of the market:

"The market is getting quite bare of all
fleece wools, and while the trade is light on
these grades, prices are held nominally
about the same. The secured basis of X
Michigan fleeces remains at about 58c, and
X Ohio's are quoted at about the same
figure. There have been few sales of
Michigan X fleeces made during the week,
but some of the best lots now offering are
nominally held at 25 1/2 @ 27c. For XX Ohio
fleeces the secured basis is quoted at about
62 @ 63c, with the washed fleeces quoted at
about 20 @ 30c, few lots being quotable
above the latter figure. No. 1 clothing and
combing fleeces are very scarce, and quota-
tions on these wools are entirely nominal.
Unwashed clothing and clothing wools are
quiet and nominal at quotations.

"Delaire wools are quiet and prices are
weaker to sell, if anything. There has been
but little doing in these wools during the
week, and it is doubtful if the sales of a
week ago could be duplicated at present,
without there happened to be some special
demand for this grade. Ohio fine delaires
are not quotable to sell above 30c, although
some lots are not being offered below 31 @
32c. The low price of imported lots, when
brought in under a 10-cent duty, as has been
the case of most of the importations, is what
has forced delaire wools down, as
through the slack tone to trade caused by
tariff agitation, buyers have had all the say
about prices, the dealer having nothing in
his favor."

At New York the situation is much the
same as at Boston. While prices are quoted
as unchanged it is certain sellers can do
better to-day than two weeks ago. Of
course stocks are not in good shape, having
been generally picked over, and this is one
reason why values are weaker; but the
great trouble is no one wants to buy a
pound of wool they can hold in the present
unsettled state of the trade. We note sales
reported of Michigan X at 26 1/2 @ 27c, New
York at 26c, Ohio at 28c, and Ohio XX and
above at 29c. The latter grade sold at 56c
last June, a clear drop of 7c within the
year. The decline on all grades ranges
from 6 to 7c since a year ago, and it begins
to look as if the bottom was not yet reached.

At the west there is as yet very little
doing in wool. The season is cold and
backward, and where washing sheep is
practiced it will be a week or two yet before
the market in this State opens up. The
Flint Globe says the market in that place
may be considered open and remarks:

"The prices paid yesterday were 17c to
20c for unwashed, and 20c to 27c for
washed wool. The buyers are C. C. Pieson
& Co., Hitchcock, Kline & Co., R. Put-
nam, E. B. Clapp & Co., and Stone, At-
wood & Co., of the Flint Woolen Mills."

It is difficult, from the above statement, to
know just what is being paid for any special
grade of wool, as in Genesee County there
are flocks of long wools, middle wools and
fine wools, while the system of cross-breed-
ing there has been largely indulged in.

The Indiana Farmer has the following
on the market in that State, which will
serve to show our growers what they may
expect for their clips:

"Our wool dealers make the following
quotations on the different classes of wools:
- medium unwashed wool, 20 and 22c;
- coarse and broad, 18 and 18 1/2c; fine Merino,
15c; burry and cotton, 5 to 10c less; tub-
washed, 28 to 30c. The past few days have
been favorable for shearing, and new wool
beginning to come in freely. Advices
from the eastern markets are that there is
no change, and market dull; no material
change in prices past two weeks. The
lack of desirable medium wools is about
exhausted in the eastern markets, and the
prospects are that new wool will be wanted
as fast as received.

We hope it will be, but are inclined to
doubt that the demand will be at all active.
The following is a record of prices made
up from actual sales in the eastern markets:
Ohio XX and above, 29c; Ohio XX, 28c;
Ohio X, 27 1/2 @ 28c; Ohio No. 1, 33 @ 34c;
Michigan X, 26 1/2 @ 27c; Michigan No. 1,
30 @ 32c; Ohio delaire, 30 @ 32c; Michi-
gan delaire, 28 @ 29c; Ohio unwashed, 18 @
20c; No. 1 Ohio combing, washed,
25c; do Michigan, 33 @ 35c; Kentucky
and Indiana 1/2-blood combing, 26c; do
3/4-blood combing, 24 @ 25c; Missouri and
Illinois 1/2-blood combing, 24 @ 25c; do 3/4-
blood combing, 23 @ 24c; Texas fine, 12
months, 17 @ 18c; do 6 to 8 months, 14 @ 15c;
do medium, 12 months, 20 @ 22c; do 6 to 8
months, 18 @ 20c; do fall fine, 13 @ 15c;
do medium, 15 @ 16c; do heavy, 35 @ 36c;
Georgia, 36c; California northern spring
fine, 18 @ 19c; Middle Co. spring, 16
@ 17c; Southern spring, 11 @ 14c; California
burry and defective, 10 @ 11c; Australia
combing, 35 @ 41c; do cross-bred, 36 @ 40c;
do clothing, 33 @ 36c; Cape, 25 @ 27c; Eng-
lish 1/2 to 3/4 blood, 34 @ 37c.

A SPECIAL dispatch just received from
Lansing says that the June crop report
indicates a total yield of wheat of 16,450,000
bushels. In the southern countries the con-
dition is 62 per cent. of an average crop, a
loss of three per cent. since May 1; in the
central countries, 56 per cent., a loss of 11
per cent.; in the northern countries, 92 per
cent., a loss of four per cent. Oats average
97 per cent.; barley, 95, and clover sowed
this year, 96 per cent. Fruit promises extra
well.

The commencement exercises of the
Michigan Military Academy will take place
on Wednesday, June 13th, and for this
occasion the Detroit, Grand Haven and
Milwaukee railway will run a special train,
leaving Detroit at 8:30 A. M. and returning
leave the lake at 4 P. M., arriving in Detroit
about 5 P. M. The round trip fare will be
but

Poetry.

NEW MOON WISHES.

Once when the new moon glittered
So slender in the west
I looked across my shoulder
And a wild wish stirred my breast.

Over my white right shoulder
I looked at the silver moon,
And wished a wish at even,
To come to pass in the morn.

Whenever the new moon glittered,
So slender and so fine,
I looked across my shoulder
And wished that wish of mine!

Now, when the west is rosy,
And the snow-wreaths blush & bow
And the light white crescent
Lies downward soft and slow.

I never look over my shoulder,
As I used to look before;
For my heart is older and colder,
And now I wish no more!

—Rose Terry.

AGRO-DOLCE.

One kiss from all others prevents me,
And sets all my pulses astir,
And burns on my lips and I tremble me;
'Tis the kiss that I fain would give her.

One kiss for all others requires me,
Although it is never to be,
And sweetens my dreams and invites me;
'Tis the kiss that she dare not give me.

Ah, could it be mine, it were sweeter
Than honey bees garner in dream,
Though its bliss on my lips were fleeting
Than a swallow's dip to the stream.

And yet thus denied, it can never
Be the prose of life vanish away;
Over my lips it must hover forever,
The sunshine and shade of my day.

—James Russell Lowell.

Miscellaneous.

ISABEL FAE.

A TALE OF THE ORCADES.

"Know this, Isabel, nothing happens for
nothing, and the end of it will be—"
"That I shall marry like the rest of the
world, Elga."

"Well, if thou wilt put thy ears to sleep,
go by way, every one must bear her
own burden; and maybe all is not ill, that
is ill-like."

"I set little on these black Highlandmen;
and as for marriage, it's even like hanging—
no better than it is called."

"To-morrow, thou shalt come with me to
see Donald."

"To-morrow, I shall do what relates to
to-morrow; it is ill hearing folk talk of the
day they never saw."

It was evident that the old woman was
deeply moved, though the girl standing by
her side did not notice it; for her eyes were
searching the bay for a little skiff she knew
was waiting for her. Apparently she found it,
for she slowly passed through the house-
place, and stood in an irresolute, wavering
manner upon the door stone gazing south-
ward.

Elga dropped the straw she was plaiting
and looked at her, and in the cloudless
purple atmosphere of an Orkney twilight,
Isabel Fae was a realized dream of those
fairly stately Norse girls, for whom the an-
cient sea-kings did such wondrous exploits.
Her bright golden hair made a glorious set-
ting to her large, handsome, tranquil face;
a face clear and open, like those beautiful
pieces of water that let everything they con-
tain be seen at the bottom, and yet a face
with an indefinite shadow on it—that far
off look, which the French call *predestinee*.

Indeed she stood this very moment be-
tween two fates, and she knew it. But the
choice she made this hour would not be one
of either ignorance nor necessity; she was
free to make her own election. As she
stood wavering, a clear ringing voice flung
into the still evening air the stirring notes
of a Highland gathering song:

"Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Donald's coming,
Dugald's coming, Lachlan's coming,
Alister and a's coming;
Little was ye wae's coming—
But only wae Donald's coming."

When Isabel heard the rapid chanting,
her whole heart kept time and tune to it.
"Donald's coming! Donald's coming!" it
repeated, and without another hesitating
footstep she walked rapidly and steadily to
meet him.

He was waiting a hundred yards off,
in one of those light, dainty skiffs that serve
the Orkadians instead of a carriage, and
when he saw Isabel coming toward him, he
rowed to a little jetty and leaped out to
meet her. Sweeter than singing was the
hand clasp, and the glance, and the "Don-
ald" and "Isabel" of the meeting, and if
beauty be excuse for love, then both Isabel
and Donald had it.

For handsome as Isabel was, Donald was
just as handsome in his way—the way of the
Calthness men—tall and strong and dark,
haughty and stern to men, but in a kind of
masterful way, dangerously sweet to women.
Indeed there was a charm in his dark,
passionate face and strong, caressing
manner, that few women could resist.

And to-night, Isabel having deliberately
determined not to resist it, he had a double
power over her. They floated out to sea
together in that wondrous twilight which
lingers in Orkney between day and day.
There was a young bride moon in the east,
and quivering from horizon to zenith, the
rosy lances of the aurora. From the shore
came the tinkling laugh of maidens, knit-
ting and gossiping round the village foun-
tain; and from the seaward, the faint stir
of cheery toll or song in the Dutch herring
fleet, half-a-mile away.

As they drifted out with the ebbing tide,
so they drifted back again with its flowing.
Little had been said. They had understood
each other without words. It had been
enough that when they parted at her
brother's gate, Donald had whispered,
"Mine forever, Isabel!" and she had an-
swered, "Yours forever, Donald."

She was so happy she did not fear to meet
to-night her brother's sour, angry face. He
had been watching her with a wrathful
heart; though, at Isabel's entrance, he
seemed to be entirely occupied with his
plate of smoked gow, and his glass of
brandy and water.

"Good evening, brother."
"Good is as good does, Isabel. It needs

no prophets to spae ill from thy night's
work."

"If I were thee I would not say such
things, Peter."

"An' I were thee I would not do them.
Wha's yon black Scot, that he should come
between thee an' me?"

"He comes of a good kind, Peter; and I
have e'en given my promise to marry him."

"Thou shalt bring no Scot into my house.
We are Norse—blood and bone Norse. For-
bye, the man is a papist. I'll never see
thee put thy soul in danger."

"My soul is not in thy keeping, brother
Peter; and I'm thinking it is my tocher that
is fasting thee, maybe."

Peter rose at this remark and faced
his sister with a passionate gesture.

"An' what if it is, woman?" he said
angrily, "I am thy nearest kin, and I ken
weel what a born fool thou art in money
matters. This McNab is nae better than the
lave o' them, an' as for world's gear, he
could mak his will on thy thumb nail. In-
deed could he!"

"I am not marrying for world's gear,
Peter."

"Whatna for then?"

"For love."

"Oigh! Such daft nonsense! An' about
the siller?"

"T will be time to talk of that after-
wards. I am telling you about Donald, be-
cause I would be loth to marry without your
blessing, Peter."

"How can I bless what's a' wrong, Isa-
bel?" An' whar will ye get married awa?
Know this, there is na a domnie in Orkney
would daur to say a prayer at sic a wed-
ding."

"Many things are said that are not true;
how dost thou know that Donald is a
papist?"

"Werna a' the McNabs finger an' thumb
wi' the Stuarts an' the scarlet woman? And
as for this lad, wha has ever seen him in
the congregation of the faithful?"

A slight shadow gathered on Isabel's ra-
diant face. She went to the open window,
and looking upward. The very act was a
prayer, and Peter felt and respected it. If
she was speaking to God, it behooved him
to be silent. He waited until she came to
the table and sat down by him. "Brother,"
she said, "shall I ask Donald of his faith?"

"Settle that as you please; but know
this, a lad's faith an' siller are the two pil-
lars o' the house."

"I thought of nothing but his love, Peter;
only his love; and he loves me, and comes
of a noble strain. A Fae may be proud to
wed with the McNabs; and if Donald has na
been right taught in matters of faith, who
can be learn from better than me?"

"If McNab came o' the blood royal, he's
name too good for thee. Who is the McNab?
Can he trace his kin back to the great
Thor himself? And as for a woman teaching
in matters of faith, that is a thing not to be
thought of. Let him go to the domnie. Yes,
Isabel, that's fair enough—let him go to the
domnie, an' when he says Donald McNab
is sister to fit wed a Christian lass like Peter
Fae's sister, then, and no till then, will I
stand up wi' thee."

Isabel knew that this was the utmost she
could expect. The old Norse families held
themselves far above the more recent Scotch
settlers, and nowhere in Scotland was a
rigid Presbyterianism held with so stern
and strong a grip as in these lonely
islands of the Northern ocean. But what
of that? After a long debate with herself
love came out the victor. Pride and pre-
judice were flung to the winds, public opin-
ion was thrown to the four corners of the
earth. It was Donald, and Donald, and
still Donald. Scot and papist he might be,
but she loved him; and if no Orkney mis-
tiller durst marry them, then they must find
in Wick or Thurso one more liberal mind-
ed.

But she made no clandestine movement;
that would have degraded her, in her own
estimation. She spoke plainly to her
friends and Peter of her intentions and ar-
rangements, and when the hour of parting
came, she went to bid farewell to the brother
who had been both father and brother to
her. Anger and love strove mightily in his
breast. His beautiful Bella—the little sis-
ter who had been left to his sole charge
when she was two years old—who had been
the joy and pride of his life for twenty
years—that she should leave him for a
stranger's love a few weeks old, a stranger
every way out of harmony with her life and
education, her oldest and holiest beliefs—
Peter would not think there could be such
a grief in store for him.

He had hoped so desperately that some-
thing would come to prevent Isabel's mar-
riage, and now she stood before him, and
said, "Dear Peter, thou wilt kiss me fare-
well, yes, I know thou wilt."

He could not. He broke into a passion
that shocked and terrified her, and sent her
from his presence white as the snowy down
that wrapped her. And yet Peter was
most to be pitied. Isabel was going to a
still sweeter love, but he was utterly be-
trayed—and by the hand he hated. Chris-
tian as he was, this added the keenest sting
to his loneliness, and for a little space, not
even his pagan ancestors could have had
fiercer impulses towards a bloody revenge.
Not for long however; Peter had not
wrestled forty years with his besetting sin
for nothing. In an hour he was pouring
out his grief and pentance in that passion-
ate, childlike confidence that comes from
the conviction of a God closer to us than
breathing, nearer than hands or feet.

In the meantime Isabel was on her way
to Thurso, where Donald waited for her.
Once in Calthness he was on his native
heath, and found easily a priest who would
do the bidding of a McNab. They were
married at once in the home of an old
school-fellow of Isabel's; and then, for some
reason not very clear to her, Donald pro-
posed Glasgow as their future home. She
was quite content that it should be so, and
for some time they were very happy.

Nor could she tell afterwards, though she
pondered the question through long, weary
years—just when or how the golden chain
of love first began to slacken. She only saw
that in the second year of their marriage
Donald began to tire of the tie which bound
him to her. So humbly, so tenderly she
strove to keep his affection, but what power
has any woman to make the rose of love,
when once it has been withered, become a
bud of beauty again? Nevertheless the
more it dropped the more passionately and
devotedly Isabel tended and loved it.

Alas! it was in vain; Donald's nature
was essentially fickle, and he was tired
of his lovely wife. He began to leave her
for days, and even weeks together. Now it
was a yachting expedition, then a hunting
party, a ball at my lord Clyde's, a bachelor
party at young Blytheswood's—there was
always an occasion, and after a little not
even an apology for it.

Such long and lonely weeks she passed—
such fears and anxieties that he would never
return? And at last, in the fourth year of
their marriage, the thing she feared came
upon her. He went away one day with a
smile and a kiss and never came back again
to his home. She waited and watched, but
he had sailed at last beyond her horizon.
No inquiry reached him, and at the end of
six months' despairing search, she knew
that she was a deserted wife. Then she
turned herself, almost heartbroken, to her
old home again.

Peter took her back to his heart without a
word. She dressed in black, and that dress
had then its significance. People supposed
that she was a widow, and with kindly tact,
avoided a name she was never heard to
mention. She fell at once into her old place,
Peter's home got back to its bright, comfort-
able look, and there was not a poor cottage
in the village that did not know and feel
Isabel Fae had come home again.

So three years passed away. Peter was
sure that Isabel had outlived her love, but
he was undeceived in a manner which ad-
mitted of no dispute. One morning Isabel
lifted the *Thurso Chronicle*, looked at it a
moment, shrieked, and fell senseless at its
feet.

"It's just yon Highlandman, again,"
muttered Peter, angrily, and he was right;
for when Isabel recovered her consciousness,
she said wearily, "Thou must let me go
again, Peter—for a little while." Then
she pointed out a paragraph and bid him
read it to her.

His face gathered passion at every word,
and when he flung the paper on the floor,
he could not trust himself to speak. For a
moment he even looked at Isabel doubtfully.
She lay upon the sofa with her hands
clasped over her eyes, and her lovely mouth
quivering with emotion. He stooped to
her, and said in a voice that Isabel hardly
knew.

"Thou wast truly married to yon man?"

"I am his wife, Peter, never doubt that.
Wilt thou read those words again to me?"

Peter lifted the paper and read slowly:
"The wife of Donald McNab, the murder-
er of yon Rivers, arrived here last Friday,
and was permitted to see her unfortunate
husband."

"But it cannot be the same man, Isabel.
There's more McNabs than good men in
that part; too many of them—too many God
wot."

"It is Donald, Peter; I know it."

"And if so, what then? He has gotten
another wife; thou art not wanted."

"I am needed, Peter. Never thou fear
I'll do ought unworthy o' thee; but maybe
there is sin in can spare an' sorrow I can
cure. I must go, brother."

"Then take good enou' with thee; it
opens every gate, lass."

Thus it was that a week afterwards the
landlady of the "Bonnie Gael" said to her
lord: "There's another o' ta McNabs here;
a pretty lass, tat is she?"

"Ta McNabs are a great gathering; ta
Lord knows how great; an' there's nae
will daur to hang yon Donald na intell'
Fat for should they? Ta Englisher should
nae ha'e angert ta McNab on his ain
beather."

The landlady was evidently right. The
little Highland town was full of McNabs of
every degree and every age. Young, dark
giants in kilts and phibags, with sharp
Highland dirks perilously ready to their
hands; and old, weather-beaten, red-faced
clansmen, crowding the public houses and
drinking themselves into that quarrelsome
mood when a look from a stranger would
have been an insult.

However the law might look on Donald's
crime, it was plain his clan were not dis-
posed to blame him. The old men, clink-
ing their glasses of steaming whisky, nod-
ding to each other with fierce and significant
gestures, and muttering over it young Don-
ald's name; and the young men shouted it
boldly in the streets, as a kind of pass word
or gathering call.

Isabel felt that she was in circumstances
where the greatest caution was necessary.
If Donald chose to deny her claim, there
was no indignity she might not have to suf-
fer. It would be wisest first to obtain an
interview with her husband, and then be
guided by its results.

"Is there any one here who can take a
letter to the jail for me?" she asked.

"Teet is there, plenty o' pretty men
glad to do it; my husband will go his nain
glad."

But while Isabel was writing the unusual
strut and bustle announced a very important
arrival. The yard, the house, the street in
front of it, were all full of men in one pecu-
liar tartan, eagerly talking, and at intervals
uttering a fierce, shrill cry that seemed to
stir them like a battle cry. Up and down
among them strode a piper in full dress
playing the McNab gathering song. Isabel
had never heard it since that wondrous
summer night when Donald had called her
from his with wild melody. The pen fell
from her hand, the great tears dropped on
the paper; in that moment she knew that
dearer than ever to her heart, was the hus-
band of her youth.

As she was sealing the letter, into which
she had poured all of a sacrificing and de-
voted love, the landlady entered in great
excitement.

"Ta McNab has come!" she cried, "Ta
great McNab! ta father o' yon Donald!
An' he's going to see the lad, an' you can
send the letter by him."

Ten minutes afterward an old man in the
costume of a Highland chief, entered Isa-
bel's room. One glance at his stature and
face told her that it was her husband's fa-
ther. He bowed courteously, but with a
degree of hauteur, and his manner was that
of a man who had never been contradicted.
Isabel's letter was in his hand open, and
glancing from it to her, he said, "Are you
Isabel McNab?"

"I am."

Then he doffed his bonnet—for Isabel's
beauty had struck him with a kind of amaze-
ment—took her hand and led her to a
seat saying, "This is no time for compli-
ments, but a daughter like you had been as
welcome as sunshine in the castle of Tran-

talley. That Donald did not bring you is
just another sign o' the lad's scant o' grace."

"That is neither here nor there now, Mc-
Nab. What has Donald done and how may
it be helped best?"

"Done? Why, five weeks ago an Eng-
lisher, who was wandering about like a
gubrunzle, wi' paints an' pencils, came in
Donald's way. They had words and syn-
copes, and while after he was found dead,
sticker wi' a dirk. Forty years since I
would ha'e done the same myself, and then
killed any man who questioned me anent it.
But there's changes since, and when they
found the Southern dead, why they put
Donald in Thurso jail; and speak o' trying
and hanging the lad! If I had them all in
Trantalliey I'd do the hanging myself!"

"Do you believe Donald is guilty?"

"Guilty? What o' it? The lad has done
naught beyond what is lawful, an' if I had
only gold enough—"

"That is what I came for. I have money,
McNab, and all I have is Donald's."

"O lassie, call me father now."

The old man's glowing face, the tears in
his eyes, his strong likeness to Donald, all
touched Isabel profoundly. She put out
her hand timidly, and McNab drew her to
him and kissed her. After that a few min-
utes settled all between them, for Isabel
forced on him £500 for her husband's help
and comfort.

"And there's more if more is needed,"
she said, "and thou wilt give Donald my
letter; but for the rest, say nothing about
me, for there is a poor woman here sick and
sorrowful who thinks herself Donald's
wife."

The next morning there was a still and
empty town, and a kind of scared, shamed
look on the faces of the few passers by.
The landlady met Isabel with the most pro-
found respect, and handed her a letter.
Evidently he had received orders from the
McNab concerning her treatment, and was
eager and glad to fulfill them. The letter
was short but very much to the purpose,
and ran thus:

"MY DAUGHTER ISABEL—When you
read this Donald will be safe. There was
no trouble in his release, for I found a Mc-
Nab—a decent, honest creature—was the
jailer. He just gave me the keys, as was
his duty, when I asked for them at mid-
night; and as I bid him go to Trantalliey,
he went; so doubtless, there is an empty
jail, and the constables and lawyers—bad
fellows to their hands!—will be out of work
for a while. But Donald's safe, lassie!
And he has your siller, and your letter in
his pocket—and if you'll come to Tran-
talley, you'll be more welcome there than
many who have more right."

COLIN McNAB.

Isabel was at first disappointed. She had
so longed to see her husband, but her own
comfort was as nothing compared with his
safety. Then suddenly the thought of the
strange suffering woman under the same
roof with her, smote her like a reproach.
Whatever her grief, there was still a deeper
one.

She found a poor heartbroken girl, scarce-
ly more than a child, a little English girl,
with a face like a rose, and a wealth of
curly nut brown hair, and utterly stunned
by her calamity. Isabel noticed too, with a
keen pang, that she was about to become a
mother. In a few moments she was kneel-
ing by her side, holding her in her arms,
and telling her, amid bitter tears, all the
heavy sorrow that had come to them both.

For she wished to take the poor deceived,
forsaken girl back with her, and she was
determined to leave no necessity for any
future discussion of the subject between
them. So it was, when Isabel sailed for
Orkney, Emma Atherton went with her,
and strange as it may seem, Isabel clung to
her own sorrow in trying to soothe the pas-
sionate, childlike grief of her companion.

Peter, of course, was told the whole
story, but no one else guessed the secret of
Isabel's devotion to the little heartbroken
girl, who in one month after her arrival,
gave birth to a son and then slipped into
the grave, with the mingled tears of grief
and joy upon her cheeks.

Then Isabel clung to the child, Donald's
child! No happy mother ever loved a babe
better than Isabel loved this boy. At first
she had feared that Peter would dislike
him, but Peter had pitied, and almost loved
the little English girl thrown on his charity,
and he thought of the child only as Emma's
child. Besides Isabel had called him after
their father, "Hacon," and the Norse name
with all its proud associations, was a pleas-
ant sound in Peter's ears. So the lad grew
beloved and beautiful, and so the years
went by.

When Hacon was ten years old, he was
the apple of Peter's eye and Isabel and Peter
Fae. Peter had dreams of sending him to
the universities, and of buying an estate
and refounding their dying-out family on
Hacon, and Isabel was saving all her money
for Hacon. If ever Donald came back, he
would understand how she had loved him
by Hacon.

"If ever he came back." In the twelfth
year of his absence she found herself think-
ing of this more and more. Perhaps it was
because she herself was going away—going
away to that "land very far off." Peter
knew it, he had watched her fading for two
years. Every one followed the fair, shad-
ow woman with pitying eyes.

One summer day she felt greatly exhaust-
ed, and lay down on the sofa at the open
window to rest. The house was absolutely
still. Peter and Hacon were at the ware-
house, Elga was drowsily plaiting her straw
in the quiet kitchen. Suddenly she heard
her name called, and it was Donald's voice
clear and ringing as on that happy night
when she had first obeyed it. But this time
it had a sound of terror and anguish in it,
and she sat up to listen, trembling in every
limb and sick at heart.

Nothing unusual was to be seen in the
silent house or in the sunny court, and
nothing was to be heard but the soft plash-
ing of the waves on the rocky shore. Yet
Isabel knew that Donald was coming, and
that some great sorrow was coming with
him, for

"No, it is not all a wild delusion.
This strange intelligence of sorrow,
searching the heart in its most deep sec-
retion, making us quail before the unknown morrow."

So she lay with her thin, white hands
clasped above her head, waiting. Sooner
or later she would know what it meant.

Peter and Hacon came home, and were
unusually gay and happy; for Hacon had
had a great triumph. It is the custom of
Orkney whalers when they are in Arctic
seas on the first of May to hang a wreath of
ribbons and love tokens on the top of the

main-mast, and there to let it swing, blow
high, blow low, until the ship reaches port.
Then the supreme emulation of every lad
on shore is to be first on board, and first up
the mast to win the wreath. One of Peter's
whalers had come in this day, and Hacon
had outstripped all and borne away the
wreath amid the cheers of every one on
board and on shore; and Peter was as ex-
cited and as proud as if he had done the
deed himself. But it pleased Isabel most,
that Hacon stole to her side and whispered,
"I did it to please thee, my mother."

They talked long that night, but after all
were asleep, Isabel still lay at the open
window, waiting. It was after midnight
when her watchful soul woke her, and she
was aware that some one stood beside her,
and that the same one was Donald. She
put out her arms with a yearning sob, and
would have drawn him to her breast, but he
put them gently away. "Isabel," he said
sadly, "I am not worthy. Do you not
know?"

"Know? I know that you are come back
to me, darling, and that we will never part
any more, Donald."

Then he whispered something to her, and
she rose with a strange, despairing calmness,
and got him meat and drink, and listened to
his wretched story—a wretched story surely
of wandering, and excess, and poverty.
After his father's death, he had had no
help, his elder brother inherited the estate,
and they had long been "ill friends." He
had feared to come back to Isabel, lest he
should be arrested for his double marriage,
and after some years of miserable vicissi-
tudes, in an hour of drunken desperation,
he had enlisted as a soldier.

Of all positions it was the one for which
he was the least fitted. His haughty, pas-
sionate temper could ill brook the insolence
of those above him. The drill and disci-
pline, the constraint and humiliations drove
him wild. He deserted, even though death
was then frequently the penalty of desertion.
He was retaken, severely punished, and
had deserted again; this time adding to the
offense by slightly wounding a petty officer
who had attempted to arrest him.

"I can't elude them much longer,"
Isabel said wearily, "the garrison in
Kirkwall has my description by this time,
but I longed to see you again, to ask you to
forgive me, and if I must die, to die near
you."

Of course this was a cruel selfish thing to
come with his sin and sorrow to her at
this almost last hour, but Isabel did not
think of this. She lavished on him all the
tenderness of her great heart, arranged with
him a plan for his secrecy and safety, and
every night waited to receive, and feed, and
comfort him.

The little plot went on for weeks. But
winter was coming, and the cave which
sheltered Donald could no longer be inhabi-
table. There was no other way now, but to
take Peter into their confidence; and per-
haps he could be induced to send Donald to
the coast of Holland in one of his own
vessels. This, of course, would entail a
separation, and Isabel knew, a separation
forever. What wonder then that she listen-
ed only too eagerly to Donald's entreaties,
for "one more meeting" with her; and that
she delayed day after day seeking her
brother's help.

Still, it must be done. A cold, bleak
day, heralding the bitter Orkney winter,
warned her of this, and she tried to nerve
herself for the last interview with her hus-
band—her poor, weak, sinful, but still
dearly loved Donald. She thought well
what words she must say and what charge
she must lay on him at this last hour, and
that their parting at least might not be an
eternal one.

But Donald did not come. The midnight
hour, that had always brought him, brought
him not, and a terrible certainty of shame
and sorrow was in the air about her. Weak
as she was, she paced the floor, wringing
her poor, thin hands or lifting them towards
heaven in inarticulate supplications. In
her exhaustion she slipped to the floor, and
waking suddenly in the first chill dawn of
the gray morning, she found herself lying
there. It was a terrible effort to rise, but
she tottered to the window and looked out.

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A WOMAN'S REASON.

You said to me, "Why don't you do it?"
I only could answer, "Because."
You laughed at the feminine reason,
And pressed of logical laws;
I pushed at your trumpet's sentence—
Was good are you going to do
With a logical chain that is faultless,
And nothing to fasten it to?
You have to take something for granted,
Just like any woman or dunce:
Your argument needs a foundation,
So build it up firmly at once.

A fable says earth is supported
By a turtle that rests on a cow;
The cow is sustained by a something,
But never a fable says how;
And that is the way with our reasons—
Thus far and no further you go;
There's something you never can fathom,
Some basis you never can know;
If you and your logic were missing,
The world would not totter or pause;
And then, what is (if you like it),
And give us your reason: "Because."
—Miriam K. Davis.

The Poor in China.

In America, when the laboring man and family cannot afford to eat meat twice each day, they are supposed to be in a condition of destitution. Yet the Chinese laborer, getting what he calls good wages, does not eat a pound of meat in a month, although meat is as cheap in China as in America.

His daily food consists of rice steamed, cabbage boiled in a great deal of water, and, as a relish, raw turnip pickled, but in a strong brine, of which he has only two or three bits the size of dice.

When he wishes to be very extravagant, and is reckless of expense, he buys a cash worth of the dried seeds of the watermelon, and munches them as a dessert. In summer he eats cucumbers raw, skin, prickles, and all, or melons, not wasting the rind, or, it may be, a raw carrot or turnip.

His clothing is as simple as his diet. In the summer it consists of shoes and stockings, both made of cotton cloth, and a pair of trousers, without lining, of the same material. He has also a sort of short worn out, side of the trousers, but this he wears only on state occasions.

For spring and autumn he wears, if he can afford it, garments of the same material. In the winter, in a climate like New York or Philadelphia, his trousers are new and his upper garment is either also new or a chequered tanned with the wool on and worn with the wool next his skin.

He seems underclothing of every sort. He suits answers for day and night, since he sleeps in the same clothes in which he works. Hence he is not troubled with much baggage when he goes on a journey.

Three dollars would probably buy the entire summer wardrobe of what might be called a comfortably poor Chinaman—that is, one at work on steady wages—while 25 or 30 cents would be more than sufficient to purchase all the rags—and he wears nothing else—of the very poor. In the winter he always wears his summer clothes and in the same way trusts his winter clothing as soon as warm weather comes, to the keeping of his "uncle."

His house is built of either sun-dried or "broken" brick laid in mud, has never any more than a brick, or, more commonly, a mud floor, windows of paper, and a door sufficiently open for all purposes of ventilation. For a family of five or six persons there is seldom, if ever, more than one room.

The entire furniture consists of a table, a rickety stool or two, and a raised platform of brick covered with a coarse mat of reeds, which serves for a bed.

The house has no chimney and no fire is used, winter or summer, except the small amount needed for the family cooking.

The character of the food consumed in such a family has already been described, but something ought to be said as to its cost. It is a very common picture in Pekin or any other city in China to see a little boy or girl going with a few cash and two or three trade and cheap dishes to purchase the materials for an evening meal, and the average cost of such a meal has been described, for one person, is certainly not more than two cents of our money.

I am convinced from many years' residence among the Chinese and careful study of their habits and life, that probably two-thirds of the entire population, or say 200,000,000 of the people, live on a food consumption not exceeding \$1.50 of our money a month, or say five cents a day.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Sultan's Musicians.

Most of the tales about Abd-ul-Hamid are, indeed, trivial enough. They mainly illustrate his feeble-mindedness and caprice. Take the one of the court pianist. One day his Imperial Majesty sat in his Imperial Palace cutting out silhouettes of black paper as a solace from the cares of state. All at once he called for soft music, and bade his court pianist play a polka. The latter, thinking to please the sovereign more, sat down at the instrument and thumped out the "Imperial March" with all due energy and fervor. Not a word escaped the lips of the sovereign, and the pianist never gave the matter a thought until that evening, when a messenger from Yildiz informed him that the Sultan had no further need of his services. In other words, he was cashiered—deprived of his appointment, his house and a salary of \$300 a year. Alas! a wrong will suffice to ruin a man in Turkey.

Another time, during a pantomime at the court theater at Yildiz, Dussap Pasha played the "Imperial March" while a jibbering jacksay and pranced about the stage. The Sultan was furious at hearing his own sacred and particular march played as an accompaniment to the dancing of a common donkey, and he dismissed poor Dussap on the spot. The penitent Pasha was, however, afterwards restored to imperial favor, as the whole affair proved to be nothing more than a court intrigue to work his disgrace.

With his musicians the Sultan has always been capricious. His pet violinist, Wondra, wished to leave the court and go to Paris, to study there with the best of masters. A petition was accordingly presented to his Imperial Majesty, who abruptly tore it up, and flung the pieces at the messenger, and said: "Why should he study? Is it to earn money? If he wants that, my treasury is open; let him help himself and stop here. I wish it." So, willy-nilly, Wondra had to stay.

Two Cheap Refrigerators.

Some years ago, when living in the country, the writer conceived the idea of getting up a home-made refrigerator that would combine three forms of economy: economy in cost, economy in ice, and, lastly, economy in space, as it was desired to fit into a particular place and there was nothing in the market of the proper shape. A pine box of matched stuff, measuring perhaps 3½ feet long by two feet wide and 20 inches deep, formed the base of operations. Three-quarter inch cleats were nailed around the inside edge about 2½ inches from the top and also around the four sides at the bottom. Tongued and grooved spruce flooring, three inches by ¾ inch, was obtained and sawed into lengths to reach from the bottom of the box flush with the top of the upper cleats. Before they were nailed in, however, the three-quarters of an inch of space caused by the cleats was filled with newspapers and other paper waste, laid flat, a large quantity being consumed in the "packing." Then the spruce lining was secured in place, the tongues being smeared with white paint to insure tight joints. Cleats were then nailed lengthwise upon the bottom of the box, paper filled in as before, and the flooring, also of spruce, sawed to lengths and nailed in position, care being taken to have a snug fit at the ends. A lattice partition was then made at one end for the ice compartment, allowing perhaps one-third of the inner space for this purpose. Next a strip of pine two inches by a half inch was nailed flatwise around the inner edge of the box to cover the cleat and the upper ends of the spruce lining, leaving a projection of about half an inch, and a piece was also carried across the top of the partition. Two spruce covers were then made to fit in the openings thus formed, a strip of pine around the four sides, nailed upon the top flatwise and projecting half an inch, forming a rim to keep them in place. Wooden knobs were screwed into the center of each to lift them by, and a hinged outer cover of pine completed the affair, as far as the carpentry was concerned. The ice receptacle was then floored with sheet lead, the edges being turned up about five inches, and a one-half inch lead pipe for carrying off the waste water was attached and carried through the door out of a cellar window, and to some distance away from the house, a bend, or *c*, being formed near the icebox to keep the pipe close. The inside of the box was then given two coats of white shellac, two small holes were bored in the sides, at the top and bottom, for ventilation, and the box was complete. It proved to be a thoroughly successful experiment, the refrigerator consuming less ice for its size than any we have ever used, while keeping a uniformly low temperature. It was washed out every other day, this being a necessity in the use of any refrigerator, but perhaps more so in the case of wood linings than when of zinc. It should be remarked that zinc would have been better than sheet lead for the bottom of the ice compartment, though the latter is easier to put in.

A few years ago the writer described in the *New York Tribune* a seaside refrigerator which for use during a few months in the summer is unequalled, and its cost is really nothing if there is an old box at hand to press into service. A hole is dug on the north side of the house to a depth of 18 inches or more, and three feet long by 2½ feet wide. The bottom is leveled off, and on this hole is placed a bottomless box, measuring 30 by 24 inches, and 16 inches deep, provided with a tightly fitting cover. As there will be some three inches space all around between the outside of the box and the earth walls of the pit, a second box or a lining of boards is put in that will fill this space; the two-inch air chamber thus formed is packed with sawdust or shavings. Sand or gravel is placed on the bottom to the depth of two or three inches, and with an outer cover the affair is done. Such a refrigerator will keep butter hard without ice, and preserve milk and even meats. By putting in twenty-five pounds of ice on alternate days through the hot weather, say eight pounds per week, the refrigeration is perfect, the very evaporation of the moisture at the bottom assisting to preserve a low temperature. The upper edges of the box should be a couple of inches above the surface of the ground to avoid overflow during rain storms.—*N. Y. Press.*

Mr. Beecher on Amusements.

I love color, and I think it is one of the misfortunes of our sex that we can't wear anything but black or gray, perhaps, in summer. Now, in nature the male is always the most gorgeous, but, except in the time of the cavillers, the dress of the men has been sombre. The cavalier was magnificent. I wish the day might come when we might dress so again. I should like to flame out myself—(laughter)—but it is too late, too late. When I was in college a man found playing a game of cards would be expelled. If they now expelled all who play there would be few left. A gentleman visiting Yale, and being shown the gymnasium, with its billiard-tables and bowling alleys, remarked to the professor who was escorting him over the place: "Forty-five years ago I was expelled from this college because I rolled nine-pins." Now, I would not advise young men to go into billiard saloons, from practical common sense reasons. Not that I have any objection to billiards. I have a table in my house in Peekskill, and every Christian family ought to have one. I don't know how to play cards, but I have no objection to my children playing. I don't think there is any harm in horse-racing, to the great deal in the first place; but to the men a horse race is a game. The newspapers say: "You ought not to stand in the way of men that are developing the speed of the horse," but I say it is very poor economy to feed the horses with young men. When I look at the effect of the race-course I cannot afford to waste the whole generation of young men for the sake of getting one second down in the record of a trotter; and the very reason that makes it proper to open public schools, or to establish churches, makes it proper to put down gambling dens, and this pool-selling, which is the worst form of gambling. Abstractly there is no harm in running one horse against another, any more than there is in running one boy against another; but you have no right to improve the breed of horses by spoiling the breed of men.

The Octopus.

The St. Louis Star is responsible for the following rather Munchausenish yarn about the devil-fish, the octopus of the naturalists:

In 1865 I was one of the crew of the American bark *Henry Castle*, which made a voyage to the Java Sea, and called at several of the larger islands. One day while the ship was lying in the outer harbor of Samarang, Island of Java, two of us pulled the captain ashore, in the gig. We landed him on a rocky point, from whence he took a short cut across to the town, and we were ordered to wait there until his return. My shipmate, whose name was Thurber, stretched out for a nap as soon as the captain was gone, while I got upon the point to have a look around. The water was pretty deep alongside the boat, and by and by, full of sailor's deviltry, I picked up a large rock and heaved it into the water with a great splash. I calculated on seeing Thurber jump up in alarm, but he only laughed at my effort. Then I set out to wet him with a splash, and flung five or six other rocks as large as I could handle. I was hunting for yet another, and had my back to the boat and the water, when something brushed past my head. I made a leap aside and wheeled around. In the two seconds thus occupied I decided that Thurber had thrown some missile at me, and I laughed as I turned about.

The laugh, however, died away in a shout of terror.

An octopus with a body as large as a beer keg had risen to the surface and partly curled itself on the rocks, and its half dozen terrible arms were flying about like so many whip lashes. It had flung one of them at me and missed its aim. Although I was now thirty feet away, it continued to fling three or four feelers in my direction, but none of them could reach me within fifteen feet. The two longest arms were from fifteen to eighteen feet long, and the shorter ones from eight to ten.

If I could have restrained myself for a few minutes the monster would no doubt have sunk beneath the waters again, but the awful stare of its great eyes, the sight of the terrible feelers, the squirming of those horrible bodies as they tried in vain to touch me, made me cry out loudly. I might have known that I could have made no headway against the monster with the means at hand, but, acting on the impulse of the moment, I picked up a good sized rock and flung it with certain aim at the pulchritude body. It was at this moment that Thurber rose up in the boat to see what was going on. The creature didn't see him at first, but getting into its clutches. I believe Thurber could have pushed the boat off and floated away in safety, but he also acted on the first impulse. Lifting up one of the heavy arms he dealt the octopus a heavy blow, no doubt inflicting severe injury. He was raising the rock for a second blow, when I saw three or four feelers whip through the air at once and fasten to him, while the creature emitted a hissing sound like the blowing off of steam. The man uttered a scream of terror and fright as the feelers caught him, and sank down in the boat and clung to a thwart with the clutch of despair.

Mind you, everything had taken place in a moment, and I wasn't to be blamed for not knowing exactly what to do. However, I perhaps accomplished all that could have been done under the circumstances. I buried rock after rock at the creature, striking it fairly several times, but it refused to let go of Thurber. It kept two of the feelers ready for me, and once, when in my excitement and anxiety I approached too near, one of the feelers came so close to catching me that it struck my foot. The screams of my poor shipmate were terrible to hear, and they alarmed the crews of several vessels who were in the neighborhood; and after the caller had departed he said to me, "Mamma, I don't think I like Mrs. Blank. She looks words all the time."

READY FOR THE JOB.—A young fellow strolled into a newspaper office in a western city and laying down a clipping from a "want column" in which a druggist advertised for a "pharmacist," said: "Git me a black like dot and I git you a thaler."

"Have you had any experience as a pharmacist?" queried the astute clerk at the "ad" window.

"Ogabeneer!" said the young fellow, opening with his blue Tintin eye, "I should say so. I've got on a farm, and I work on in Dakota six tree years, and know it all."

He was an Englishman, and no quicker in catching the meaning of things he saw and heard in America than his countrymen usually are. He was riding down town in a Back Bay car, when suddenly, as Park Square was neared, the conductor thrust his head in at the door and cried out suddenly:

"Charles!"

Three well-dressed women rose hastily and hurried out of the car as if by individual command were exceedingly evasive, and must be caught at once. The Englishman craned his neck curiously, but could see no body remarkable outside.

"Do you mind telling me," he said to his companion, with an air of bewilderment, "who Charles is?"—*Boston Courier.*

Kitty is three years old and her brother, two years older, is not an angel by several degrees. The other night, after saying her prayers, she said to her mother:

"Now, mamma, isn't there something else that I should pray for?"

"Yes, Kitty; pray that the Lord will make you a better girl and George a better boy."

Kitty folded her hands and closed her eyes. "And, dear Lord," she whispered, "make Kitty a good little girl and—Amen."

"Why, Kitty," expostulated her mother, "that isn't right. You should pray for your brother, too."

"I think not, mamma. I know that boy too well."

A citizen met, some months since, in the south, a Boston merchant who had been in business for forty years. "I suppose you are here for your health," said the citizen. "In one sense, yes. I am in the enjoyment of excellent health, and I am trying to keep so," was the reply of the wise merchant. The unwise merchant generally waits till his doctor suggests that he had better make his will and take recreation before he concludes that the amassing of great wealth is no equivalent for the loss of vital energies.—*Boston Journal.*

Put Grinly.

The Dean Swifts are not all dead yet, as witness the following compilation by a writer on the San Francisco *Wasp*:

Men cling to their wives through various reasons:

Through mere love of comfort, as one is attached to a good kitchen utensil.

Through habit, as one likes the cozy armchair he is always certain to find in one place on coming home.

Through economy; you could not hire a servant who would not cost you twice as much and serve you only half as well.

Through pride, just as one persists in refusing to consider a foolish choice one has made, lest people should talk about it.

Through love of peace; a separation would cause so much scandal and create so much trouble.

Through fear of public opinion; what would the neighbors say, and her friends and, above all, her relatives?

Through imitation; everybody else clings to his wife, so one must do like the balance.

Through instinctive attachment to the children one has had by her.

Through fear of character, just as a great soul bears a catastrophe without a word of complaint.

Through virile dignity; one must respect one's name, you know.

Through legal compulsion; there is no cause to offer for a suit; there are no facts to justify it.

Through philosophy; all women resemble each other.

Through a spirit of penitence:—"It is all my fault, all my fault, my most grievous fault."

Through petty vanity, because every one says:—"Oh, what a splendid woman!"

Through remorse of conscience:—"Poor little woman, it is not her fault that I am tired of her."

Through spite:—"So I have been caught in the trap! Ah, let others fall into it also!"

And now, ye untrustworthy apostles of domestic worship, that I have summed up these various causes of conjugal attachment, find me the house I have been looking for, these twenty years, in order that I may add:—"Sometimes, after a few months of married life, a man still clings to his wife through love!"

VARIETIES.

WEAK FIELD GLASSES.—Miss Yassar (just graduated with high honors)—I declare it's too provoking. Here we have been out for three days, and watched and watched, and haven't seen one yet.

The doctor (gallantly)—It is too bad. Now just tell me what you are looking for, and—

Miss Yassar—Why, the lines of latitude and longitude, to be sure. I have always wondered how the ships got over them—or is it under them—it is very puzzling.

CHILDREN sometimes hit upon a phrase which conveys more than pages in which their elders have striven to set forth things clearly, and an instance was afforded recently by a girl of six. She had been present while her mother received a call from her neighbor, one of those immeasurably voluble women who are the terror of their friends; and after the caller had departed she said to her mother with the utmost seriousness: "Mamma, I don't think I like Mrs. Blank. She looks words all the time."

READY FOR THE JOB.—A young fellow strolled into a newspaper office in a western city and laying down a clipping from a "want column" in which a druggist advertised for a "pharmacist," said:

"Git me a black like dot and I git you a thaler."

"Have you had any experience as a pharmacist?" queried the astute clerk at the "ad" window.

"Ogabeneer!" said the young fellow, opening with his blue Tintin eye, "I should say so. I've got on a farm, and I work on in Dakota six tree years, and know it all."

He was an Englishman, and no quicker in catching the meaning of things he saw and heard in America than his countrymen usually are. He was riding down town in a Back Bay car, when suddenly, as Park Square was neared, the conductor thrust his head in at the door and cried out suddenly:

"Charles!"

Three well-dressed women rose hastily and hurried out of the car as if by individual command were exceedingly evasive, and must be caught at once. The Englishman craned his neck curiously, but could see no body remarkable outside.

"Do you mind telling me," he said to his companion, with an air of bewilderment, "who Charles is?"—*Boston Courier.*

Kitty is three years old and her brother, two years older, is not an angel by several degrees. The other night, after saying her prayers, she said to her mother:

"Now, mamma, isn't there something else that I should pray for?"

"Yes, Kitty; pray that the Lord will make you a better girl and George a better boy."

Kitty folded her hands and closed her eyes. "And, dear Lord," she whispered, "make Kitty a good little girl and—Amen."

"Why, Kitty," expostulated her mother, "that isn't right. You should pray for your brother, too."

"I think not, mamma. I know that boy too well."

The friend from Tennessee who had come in to be impressed with a sample of senatorial power and then said: "Well, I'll be a Senator for four years. If I was a United States Senator and couldn't get a Republican postal clerk elected out, I'd resign and go home and get elected justice of the peace."

DAN RICE, the veteran showman, was nicely fooled one day, as he was engaged announcing the wonders of his circus outside the tent. A man standing with a little boy in the crowd near by cried out: "I'll bet you a dollar you can't let me see a lion."

"Done!" said the showman; "put down your money." The man placed a dollar in the hand of a bystander, and Dan did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There you are," said he triumphantly; "look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion." "I don't see any," responded the man. "What is the matter with you?" asked the showman. "I am blind," was the grinning reply, and in a few minutes the man pocketed the two dollars and went away.

WHERE TO PUT THE ORGAN.—Rev. Dr. Cabanis relates the following curious incident in connection with a church in a certain town in Kentucky. One of the members was in the habit of going into a saloon and taking a drink whenever he felt like it, but had a holy horror of an organ in church. In a discussion of the subject, he said:

"If you bring that organ in here, I'll split the church. I will drive them out of the church, I think the wisest course for us is to put the organ in a saloon, and see if it won't keep them out of that place also."

A CLERK having been detected cheating a customer was addressed by his employer as follows: "Mr. S., as much as I value your service and experience, I cannot retain you longer after your conduct respecting the deception you practiced on a young lady to-day, and shall be obliged to dismiss you from my service unless by this time tomorrow, when we are all here as now, you can find me a passage of Scripture to justify such a transaction."

The following day Mr. S. was much perplexed, until a passage came into his mind which he believed would meet the case. At night, in the presence of all, the principal asked Mr. S. if he had found a passage that would justify his conduct of the previous day, and he replied: "Yes; I think I have," and quoted in a serious tone the following words: "She was a stranger and I took her in."

SOMETHING ABOUT CLOTHES.—Some of the quips which little folks have to crack in getting at the kernel of language meanings are tough indeed. Little Annie had been asked to take a dish of strawberries and cream to grandma's room. "Did she like them?" asked her mother when the little maid appeared again. "I don't know," was the answer. "Didn't she say anything when she tasted them?" "Yes; 'something about clothes.'"

"Why, what could it be? Have you forgotten?" "Oh, no; she tasted, and then said: 'O, neckties and Anna's molasses!'" but I don't know what she meant." Neither did mamma, and so she posted up to grandma's room herself. "Do you remember just what exclamation you made when you began to eat your fruit?" she asked the dear old lady. "No, I'm sure I can't. O, yes, I can! I said: 'Nectar and ambrosia!'"

"That lady," said a merchant, pointing to a woman who traded about \$12 worth in ten minutes and was going out, "used to be one of my worst customers. She would come in almost daily, bother four or five clerks for two hours, and go out without buying a cent's worth."

"How did you cure her?"

"Well, I spoke to her in an off-hand way one day, and she fired up and said that as long as I kept clerks it was my business to be bothered. Next day I selected ten of the girl clerks, posted them as to what to say, and they rung her door-bell at intervals of an hour all day and inquired if she wanted a new dress. She didn't, and told them so, pleasantly enough, until the tenth one came. Then she said:

"I'd like to know why on earth all you girls come here bothering me when I don't want to be!"

"Because, ma'am, so long as you keep servants it is your business to be bothered!" was the prompt reply.

"I think she reasoned out the analogy, for she now sits down and buys what she wants, and every clerk likes to wait on her."

Said Prof. Galloway, the secretary of a Chicago college, and director of the chemical laboratory: "I had more fun once than I bargained for. In lecturing on phosphorus I usually show that it is soluble in bi-sulphide of carbon. Such a solution being placed on a paper and exposed to the air a few minutes spontaneously inflames and continues to burn until the phosphorus is all consumed. The same solution will spontaneously inflame if placed upon fur clothing. One night at my home we had company and I was anxious to entertain them. The lights were lowered and I retired to the kitchen, where my mother's black cat was sleeping. Picking up the animal I produced a bottle of the phosphorus and with a small brush was about to streak the cat with what my guests would regard as liquid fire when I turned the cat into the darkened parlor. Suddenly the door opened, and in my haste to conceal my mixture I split the whole business on the back of the black cat. She made one bound through the dining-room floor to the parlor, and there began such caterwalling as that neighborhood had never heard before. She was fairly drenched with phosphorus, and in the dark looked like a ball of fire as big as a bushel basket.

"Her first break was for my mother, whom she regarded as her best friend. Her best friend didn't recognize her, and when my mother began to scream and break for the hall door the guests took the alarm and a small panic ensued. I was so broken up by laughter myself that I dropped to the dining-room floor head down. It took me five minutes to explain the situation to my sister, and then to throw some water on the cat. Finally, after she had called my mother, and the beast had been drenched, we thought the trouble was over, but it wasn't. The phosphorus had settled into the hide, and as soon as the cat began to dry off the fire broke out again. Three times that night we had to douse that cat, and when I went to bed I left my indignant mother sitting by the stove with her pet cat done up in her lap in a damp shawl."

PUTTY is an excellent material to use in sealing fruit cans. Work it in the hands until it is soft, make it into a long roll, and press it into the groove of the can after it is full and the top on. A little care is necessary as the can cools to see it does not shrink away from the metal. The putty is easily cleaned off when the cans are wanted again.

Chaff.

Let us honor and respect the busy bee. Once full, he makes straight for home.

An Ohio man can never look at a colored parade without thinking of the duty on wool.

An illustration of "caws and effect," said the farmer, when the crows pulled up his corn.

Charley (writing a poem)—Gus, can you give me a rhyme for hope? Gus (intent on his paper)—Nop.

When big ideas get into little minds something is bound to spread; it is usually the mouth.

Punch asks: "Why is a man who does not bet, as bad as the man who does?" Because he is no better.

It ought to be stated now that the tariff discussion is not responsible for the rising of the Mississippi River.

Soulful Youth (languidly)—Do you sing "Forever and Forever?" She (practically)—No; I stop for meals.

We think mo' o' de man dat neber would condescend to den de man does dat condescend to den de man dat failed on de foot.

Miser (to wife)—I hear, Madam, that you say witty things at my expense. Wit—Oh, no, dear; you couldn't afford it.

Hotel Clerk (to Col. Blood, registering)—This is sent a pitcher of water to your room, sir? Colonel—No; I don't believe there'll be a fire.

It is said that care once killed a cat. If care is out of a job, we know a street up-town where he can find employment by the week at good wages.

Father—I learn with sorrow, my son, that you are getting to be very fast. Son—You're being misinformed, father. My tailor says I'm the slowest man he's got on his books.

"When I look at the congregation," said a London preacher, "I say, 'Where are the poor?' When I count the offertory in the vestry I say, 'Where are the rich?'"

"Good morning, Tommy; how is your mamma?" "She's all right." "Is that all you have got to say, Tommy?" "If you will give me a piece of cake I'll say thank you."

The Boston Traveller tells of a man who tried a long time to find a paper that had nothing to say about the tariff. And the only paper he could find was a paper of pins.

A lady, writing on kissing, says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. She doesn't say so, but a kiss on the back of the neck is a proof that the young woman didn't hold still.

Rev. Mr. Hirsute.—The very hair of your head are number one. Mister, I take notice of your hair. Well, it comforts me to think how little trouble I give the recording angel, latterly.

Robert E. Frazer, a prominent Detroit lawyer, is just recovering from a severe illness. To an inquiry as to its nature, he replied: "The name the doctors gave it was so long and I was so weak when I heard it that I really couldn't remember it."

In some sections of the west last summer water was so scarce that they had to pay fifty cents a barrel for it, and thought that our countrymen high. Now they have more water than they want, and still complain that it is fearfully high. It is hard to satisfy some people.

"What are you doing?" demanded a citizen of a countryman who was critically examining the former's electric bell knob. "Say, mister," replied the countryman, straightening up, "there's a sinner in your house, and you're a sinner too. The knob's got pulled clean into the hole."

A New England man has beaten the "green goods" savasiest men at their own game. He set out of their circulars, and in reply asked for a sample of their goods. They sent him a genuine \$1 bill, and the gentleman of New England stopped the correspondence then and there.

Patient—Please prescribe for me, doctor. I am nervous and restless, and have hideous nightmares. Doctor—Perhaps you have heart disease. Do you lie in your right or left side? Patient—Great Scott, doctor, don't you know I edit an "Independent Whop?" and have to lie on all sides?

Squire Outcake (to dealer in bric-a-brac)—I want you to sell this. Mister, I take him for the wife's birthday. Dealer—Very well, sir. What do you say to this elegant French set of cutlery? Outcake—Gussied up with a stronger than that. According to the papers, these French cabinets don't last no time.

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